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LEADING ARTICLES:—

Mr. Childers and Mr. Corry.
Election Expenses.
The *Saturday Review* and Mr. Mill's
"Liberty."
Baby-Wives.
The New Play.

Marriage in Russia.

CORRESPONDENCE:—

The Immoral Influence of Moral
Books.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

MEMORANDA.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS:—

Labour.
Twilight Hours.
Bohemia.
Cabinet Pictures.
Christianity and Taxation.
The Troubles of Poets.

SHORT NOTICES:—

Commentaries on the History, Con-
stitution, and Chartered Franchises
of the City of London.
Shakespeare Illustrated by Old
Authors.
List of New Publications for the Week.

MR. CHILDERS AND MR. CORRY.

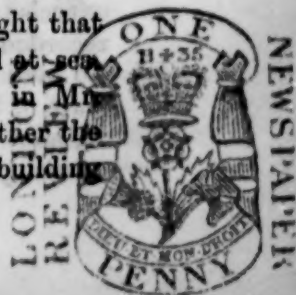
THE First Lord of the Admiralty has the art of winning confidence, and has achieved a real success in stating the naval policy of the Government. It only remains for him to appreciate the recognition he has received, and to remember the terms on which he holds his high position in public favour. So far as outsiders can judge, there is only one weak point in his scheme; and that is a point on which he appears to have conceded something to the old-fashioned braggadocio policy, of which Sir John Pakington was the most notable upholder amongst First Lords of recent times. Mr. Childers's reward is to find this part of his plan severely criticised by the First Lord of the late Government. Mr. Corry's censure counts for something. As a speaker he is incoherent, unreportable, and even incomprehensible. But he was one of the few passable administrators of Mr. Disraeli's Ministry; he takes a real and permanent interest in naval affairs, and knows what he is talking about when he animadvert upon them. But besides these claims as an authority, he is an advocate for a strong navy rather than a cheap one, and is not at all likely to fly off into censure of great undertakings in shipbuilding as ordinary financial Radicals are prone to do. Let us see, therefore, what Mr. Childers proposes to do, and what Mr. Corry says about it.

The general principles on which the shipbuilding and repairing operations of the Government are to be carried on are excellent. Mr. Childers pledges himself to minimize the repairs and alterations, especially in the ships of old types. This will lead to a reduction of the number of men employed in repairing, but there will be, to make up for this, an increase in the number of men engaged in building. An economy will be effected by increasing the period for which ships are put into commission. By making this period five years, instead of three or four, an economy will be effected in the expenditure incurred in ships when out of commission. The stores in the possession of the Government will be overhauled throughout the world, and the establishments will to a great extent be remodelled. The dockyards will be kept, if Mr. Childers's programme is carried out, at the right point for efficiency, and private yards will be resorted to for purposes most profitable to the Government and least capable of yielding an undue harvest to the private firms dealt with. This is a very important point. When ships are built right out by private firms, the cost of them cannot be very exactly ascertained unless the ship is of a known and settled pattern; and even then the cost of the fittings sends the price of the work up to an extravagant amount. Under the present state of things, therefore, it is best that private yards should be resorted to, not for the fittings, but only for the fabrics of the ships, and not for these unless the

ships are of a sort sufficiently old and known to be specified in the contracts. So far so good. All these general principles commend themselves to the acceptance of us all, and the repeal of the Naval Stores Act, so as to render it possible to sell old ships, points in the direction first so usefully indicated by Mr. Seely—a direction in which, by laying aside pedantic traditions, considerable saving may no doubt be effected.

But then we come to the proposals for shipbuilding. The operations of this order already in progress are happily almost reaching their termination. At the end of the financial year 1869-70 the only ships unfinished will be two armoured vessels at Chatham and one at Pembroke, all of which will be got rid of in about four months; three ships building by contract, which will be completed in ten months; and an unarmoured small gunship at Chatham, and the Royal yacht the *Osborne*. Thus encouraged, Mr. Childers proposes to build the two most powerful vessels in the world. The description of these ships is exceedingly startling. They are to be turret-ships of 4,400 tons. Their horse-power will be nominally 800, working up to seven times that power. Their engines and screws will be double. Their speed will be 12½ knots. Vast as their bulk and steam-power will be, they will be constructed to carry 1,750 tons of coals—enough to last for twelve days at 10 knots an hour. So much for their construction; now for their means of offence. They will carry four 25-ton guns. For defence, there will be at the base of the turrets a raised breastwork 7 feet high, while on the sides and breastworks there will be armour 12 and 10 inches thick, on the turrets 14 inches and 12, and a backing of from 13 inches to 20 thick will have an inner skin of armour of 1½ inch. These formidable vessels will have no masts, and will therefore fire all round. Their crews—very moderate, considering the immense power of the ships—will count 250 men each, and the cost of each will be the not extravagant sum of £286,000. We cannot but regret that the present economical Government should pledge the country to the erection of these sea monsters, especially as their success must be very doubtful, and warfare in which they could be brought remuneratively into play is hardly conceivable, even by the most vigorous naval imagination.

There are also special reasons against building such ships as those contemplated at the present time, and these reasons Mr. Corry very forcibly stated. It had not been his intention if he had stayed in office to lay down any new armour-clad ships during the present year, because it was right that the *Captain* and the *Monarch* should first be tried at sea. To lay down any turret or broadside ship will, in Mr. Corry's opinion, be the highest indiscretion. Whether the two new ships fail or succeed, the system of shipbuilding



must take a new start from their trial, and to lay down turret-ships before that trial is to run one of two risks—either the risk of setting to work upon ships which experience will condemn, or the risk of building ships of a generally approved type without introducing those changes which experience will unquestionably introduce. This seems a most valuable criticism, and Mr. Corry adds others which place the design of building these two ships in a still more unfavourable light. Mr. Corry does not believe in deep vessels without masts. He knows his business, and says he would not build any vessels whatever without masts, and deep ones are especially repugnant to his views of ship-building. The absence of masts is especially dangerous where the draught is so great, and Mr. Corry considers all such vessels utterly unseaworthy. Another point of adverse criticism is the unsuitableness of vessels of such deep draught for coast defence. No vessel intended for this purpose, or liable to be used for it, ought to draw more than sixteen feet. Unfit for coast and unfit for sea, these ships are not likely to find their vast coalbunks of much service; and in any case, should anything happen to their shafts, they would lie on the water like dead logs. The twin screws again come under condemnation as unfit for all vessels of heavy draught. In fact, Mr. Corry nerves himself up to the point of threatening opposition on this vote unless the Admiralty will agree not to commence the work until the trials of the *Captain* and the *Monarch* have taken place.

Our own impression is that Mr. Childers would do well to anticipate this opposition by withdrawing the vote. It is no part of an economical peace Ministry's work to build unheard-of sea-structures, the efficiency of which is wholly problematical, and the necessity of which is wholly unproved. It is remarkable that this proposal seems to have failed to please just those whom it was intended to conciliate. Mr. Childers, resolving to bring the navy estimates down, and having done so, may naturally have felt alarmed lest he should be charged, as the Government were by implication on the first night of the session, with having neglected the efficiency of the service; and he knows that with the Tories efficiency is only a genteel word for expense. But on proposing the building of these monster ships he finds himself confronted by the great naval authority of the Tories with a really searching and fatal criticism of his plans. Let it be a warning to him not to try again to make friends with the Mammon of unrighteousness. He is in the position of a timid Israelite who, wishing to propitiate the Philistines, has entered the courts of Dagon as a worshipper only to be warned back by a tremendous homily from the high priest of the idol on the sin of image worship. Mr. Childers should in future confine himself to the measures in which he is strong, to the suppression of waste and the thinning of idlers, to the closing of useless offices and the concentration of useful ones, to the reorganization of the constructive and repairing departments on sound principles, to the revision of the navy list, to the diminution of the drones, to the encouragement of the busy bees of the service. A year or two of such labours, with a judicious watchfulness of the progress of shipbuilding and maritime inventions, will render the present naval administration more memorable than the perpetration of any number of gigantic follies.

ELECTION EXPENSES.

IN moving for the Select Committee to inquire into our Parliamentary elections, the Home Secretary, with great earnestness, denounced the extravagant scale of expenditure legalized by our present system, and declared it to be far more demoralizing and corrupting than that which was known by the name of bribery. He instanced several of the constituencies in which large sums had been spent (chiefly, however, in contesting county seats, where carriage of voters forms so prominent an item), but the best illustration his argument could have received has since been afforded by one of the smallest of the Irish boroughs. In Youghal, according to the account of the sitting member, an expenditure of £5,000 was needed to stimulate, in the exercise of their constitutional functions, the 600 voters who recorded their names in favour of the successful candidate. To add anything to the arguments for a change in the state of the law under which such a case as this can occur without forfeiture of the seat would be superfluous; but it is amusing to observe how thoroughly characteristic our whole

method of proceeding in the matter of elections has been. For years we have been satisfied to let matters go on just as they are now, sometimes unseating a candidate more than usually unscrupulous, sometimes disfranchising a borough or suspending the writ, but never raising any general outcry over the venality of electors or the malpractices of candidates. Now, however, the cup of our virtuous indignation is full; the Government pledges itself in the Royal Speech to a vigorous inquiry; a Cabinet Minister, amidst loud cheers, announces his conversion to the ballot; a Commission is to issue at once upon the grossly peccant boroughs; a member of Parliament is unseated and declared incapable of being elected for a period of seven years. Yet all these stringent measures might with equal justice have been applied after the experience of the last and previous elections. Bridgwater, Norwich, Stafford, Taunton, the corrupt boroughs of this election, have been the old offenders of the past; county contests were not less expensive in 1865; electors as ignorant and agents as unscrupulous might have been found. But our English morality has its hot and cold fits, and to-day the tide, so long pent up, sets strongly against corruption.

The real difficulty, under the existing system, of placing a legal limit to the present scale of expenditure, as evidenced by the election trials, consists in defining accurately the terms "agency" and "corruptly." If, as appears from the Wigan and Tamworth trials, a man may endeavour to get votes for particular candidates, may accompany them on their visits to electors, may even—as Barraclough was—be paid for particular duties on the polling-day, and yet, for the purposes of a petition, is not to be accounted an agent, it is difficult to say where that connection begins and independence ends. On the other hand, if a gentleman may visit a borough with which, according to his own showing, he is even geographically unacquainted—may there, out of charity, disburse several thousands amongst the poor; may incur an enormous hotel bill, including, amongst other trifles, 1,700 bottles of soda-water, and even subsidize a ladies' committee, with a salaried governess attached, and yet be seated by the decision of an Irish judge, it is difficult to say how elastic the term "corrupt," when applied to election expenditure, may prove to be. No doubt there are real difficulties in the case, and to interpret very harshly every instance of improper practices on the part of an agent, or payment of money, would place every candidate at the mercy of unscrupulous and dishonest men.

Unfortunately, also, the evils of a doubtful state of the law are aggravated by the determination of the judges to adhere to the practice of *Nisi Prius* rather than to that of the committees of the House of Commons, in deciding the question of costs. The salutary rule used to be that, unless a petition was held to be frivolous and vexatious, each party was to bear his own costs. Now, however, costs follow the decision, and the consequence is, that to the fear of disfranchising the borough, of not obtaining the seat, and of the uncertain state of the law, is added that of having to pay the double costs of a petition, however righteously in the interests of the public such petition may have been prosecuted. It is clear that an alteration in practice must take place here, and that the judges should be empowered to deal with such cases in a spirit of equity and fairness.

Let us now see whether it be not possible to place any legal limit upon the general expenditure, and to cut off at the fountain-head some of the sources, as Mr. Bruce expresses it, of indirect bribery. At county elections, a most fruitful one, which effectually bars any but "substantial" men from becoming candidates, is the carriage of voters, and that evil is by no means limited to the mere money spent. Who can have witnessed the arrival at the polling-booth of farmers, yeomen, and labourers, dressed with the colours and driven in the break of their landlord; or who can have watched them shepherded by their master's bailiff, and surrounded by his friends and supporters, and yet maintain that they are exercising with freedom a privilege they may justly call their own? There is no system better calculated to impress the uneducated with the belief that by giving their votes they are conferring a favour, for which they may expect an adequate return. The country gentlemen who follow Mr. Disraeli know that by retaining this item of expense they may frighten off interlopers and secure the votes and the representation of their tenantry. A remedy might easily be applied by multiplying the polling-places, so as to include every parish, and rendering it illegal to convey voters to the poll. The former is an expense capable of being ascer-

tained, and reducible within the narrowest limits; the latter is wholly beyond control. Moreover, of all election expenses, none can more legitimately be charged upon the rates than the provision of the necessary polling-places.

The gravest item of expenditure—viz., the employment of agents, can hardly be so easily disposed of. The theory of an election does not presuppose the necessity of paid agents at all—indeed, in one division of Somerset the theory was actually reduced to practice. But this gigantic evil will, we feel assured, receive its deathblow by the introduction of secret voting. When an agent can no longer secure a vote by a promise, he will be less often employed to obtain the promise. But, lest there should be any doubt upon this head, let there be by all means a judicial assessor to audit election accounts. The county court judge, or revising barrister, ought to be a sufficiently impartial authority to deal with all the cases coming within his jurisdiction. He should be empowered to strike out, or to report to the House, any item which appeared to him excessive, and any expenditure not accounted for in the return would be deemed to be illegal. We need hardly add anything as to the necessity of prohibiting by the strict letter of the law the employment of watchers and others whose duties are purely nominal, and whose remuneration buys the vote of their parents or other relations. Neither would we do more than allude to the Bradford, Bewdley, and Dublin cases as instances of the mischief resulting from allowing the meeting of committees in public-houses, and express a hope that that which has been found possible in America may be adopted in our own system of elections. By strict prohibitions such as these the law can do much, both to relieve candidates from unnecessary expense and electors from the demoralizing influences by which under the existing practice they are so peculiarly surrounded. Should the committee of the House of Commons enter with earnestness upon its task it will be heartily supported by public opinion in redeeming our electoral law from its present state of uncertainty and inefficiency; and we may also hope that with a change in the legal conditions of the contest will come home a conviction to the minds of the electors that they may exercise their highest privileges as citizens with the same sobriety, purity, and freedom as they display in the performance of any other duty of their ordinary life.

THE "SATURDAY REVIEW" AND MR. MILL'S "LIBERTY."

NO book of Mr. Mill's has ever been so widely, loudly, and indiscriminately praised as the treatise "On Liberty." At the time when it first appeared (and similar praise has been given to it since) most of the newspapers declared that nothing so grand had been written since Milton's Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing; that it was a masterpiece of reasoning and eloquence; that Mr. Mill was a public benefactor; and a score of other things in the shape of cordial commendation. Yet it is not improbable that it has been but little, or but inapprehensively, read. And, whether that is so or not, it is certain that if other writers were, without disguise or the use of honest rhetorical "buffers" and circumlocutions, to repeat the teaching of this very treatise, much more to put it in practice, it would speedily be discovered by Philistia and Bumbledom that, though we are compelled to admit that there is a tendency in the radii of a circle to become equal, yet the spirit of geometry may be pushed too far—an illustration which deserves the currency it has obtained, though, of course, no doctrine of human nature can be applied direct to practice as geometry can.

Our contemporary the *Saturday Review*, in an article entitled "Independence of Thought," has just been dealing with the treatise in question, and with marked ability. That portion of the essay which is, by its author's own avowal, a digression, appears to us to hold in suspension a large amount of truth, and to be worthy of expansion at some other time. But it does not strike us that the essay "On Liberty" has either been correctly represented or satisfactorily dealt with.

The account given of the purport of the essay "On Liberty" may be summed up in the following brief extracts from our contemporary:—

"The propositions therein contained are directed, not against some subtle metaphysical hypothesis or politico-economical fallacy, but against that which is the most pervading power in the whole world, which dominates with irresistible force over the uneducated and the unthinking, and is scarcely ever wholly expelled even from the learned

and the intelligent—the sense of blind companionship, the laziness which cannot, and the fear which dares not, form any thought for itself, the instinctive clinging for help to another which arises from the want of individual energy of soul. . . . This is the meaning of the advice given to men to 'dare to be themselves'; to dare to examine what is their genuine state, what they truly desire, hope, and believe, and not to be staggered should they discover that, in their natural selves and of their own spontaneous disposition, they would not express themselves as they have been taught and accustomed to express themselves in imitation of others."

And the criticism or didactic addition which this thoughtful writer makes to what he represents Mr. Mill to have said is, taken shortly, as follows:—

"It is not the sense of individuality alone, it is the sense of individuality joined with the sense of community in one bond with all mankind that is the only trustworthy guide in the pursuit of truth. Thus it is necessary to preach to men, not merely that they ought to be individual, but also that they ought to be social; and our energy in clinging to the one of these doctrines should imply a corresponding energy in clinging to the other.

We will, as is the usual practice with barristers rising to reply or to cross-examine, take the last point first.

That we ought to live under a "sense of community in one bond with all mankind," as well as under a "sense of individuality," is most true. It is also true that any defect whatever in our habits of thought or feeling must necessarily hinder our vision of the truth. But, except in this general way, it is not obvious in what manner the pursuit of truth can be affected by the want of the "sense of community." Still less easy is it to discern what special business this idea of "community" has, in a discussion, like Mr. Mill's, of the risks to which human individuality is exposed in certain stages of society. Supposing, for a moment, that independence of thought were Mr. Mill's main topic in the book (which is not accurate, however), let us see how the matter stands. Our contemporary admits, what Mr. Mill insists upon, namely, the gregarious imitativeness of mankind. So far, there is agreement. Mr. Mill then comes forward and affirms that in our present social condition, this gregarious imitativeness of opinion, character, and conduct is becoming an especially mischievous and perilous thing. Now this may be true or false; but it is the thesis which Mr. Mill has pinned to the wall as his challenge; and you might as well blame a man who wrote a book to maintain that we were in danger from, say, over-eating, for not preaching up equally the danger of fasting, as blame Mr. Mill for not preaching up "respect for the opinions of others." His very message to us is, in part—but only in part—that *blind* respect for the opinions of others is greatly overdone, is rapidly taking the backbone out of the English character, and even threatens our national prosperity, as well as civilization, all over the world. Some of the most eloquent passages of the book consist of warnings founded on these ideas.

But this is not all. Mr. Mill has, throughout the volume, denounced with peculiar vehemence, as he has done elsewhere, the "anti-social" qualities, and has admitted—surely as much as the social impulse can claim in the argument—that, in proportion as mankind advances in wisdom, the number of questions on which they agree must increase too—which, indeed, is a truism.

Yet, as we have no desire to avoid admitting anything that is just, we will not attempt to keep in the background what seems to us to be true of Mr. Mill, namely, that in spite of the vivacity and range of his æsthetic intelligence and sympathies, he is so obviously wanting on the passional side that there is a lack in his writings of that indescribable atmosphere or aroma in dealing with certain subjects, which assures the reader that in his teacher the human sympathies are deep and broad. Though he is always on the side of the poor and the oppressed, and always ready to lift his sword for justice, Mr. Mill wants warmth, reverence, and what we may call flesh-and-blood. The dullest reader feels this; thousands are repelled by it. Numbers of people who would even accept his quasi-Malthusian doctrine on a certain question, and would not unwillingly abide by it in practice, find his treatment of the subject hard and repelling. If he were not among us and working for us—if he were not a living benefactor of us all—there might be much said upon these points. But, as it is, *que voulez vous?* One man cannot be everything—cannot have all experiences. Yet it is, perhaps, scarcely "respect for the opinions of others" that Mr. Mill wants, so much as emotional elasticity.

It is, indeed, difficult to find the essay "On Liberty" guilty of urging disrespect for the opinions of others. What, in small compass, is the teaching of this essay? We shall state it with perfect accuracy, as the reader will find if he happens

to turn to the book side by side with our brief abstract. The purport of the discussion is to determine what portions of our lives may be governed by State rule, by actual penal law; what portions may be legitimately subjected to the influence or discipline of social opinion; and what portions should be wholly exempt from the first (it being obviously impossible that any portion of life should be kept wholly exempt from the second). Mr. Mill remarks that there is a sphere of human life in which what we do directly affects others only by their own free and undeceived consent. This includes matters of opinion and matters of feeling. He goes on to observe that, in practice, mankind *do not respect each other's opinions or feelings* (this is the very basis of the essay), but that, the majority of mankind being of not high quality, either intellectually or morally, they tyrannize over each other in matters in which it would be for the interest of each by himself, and society as a body, that there should either be no interference at all, or only the interference of counter-opinion, or counter-feeling, fairly expressed. He maintains that the basis of union in society should not be similarity of opinion, character, or conduct, and that in proportion as these are by compulsion assumed as such a basis, the individual is dwarfed, truth impeded, the richest hopes of human nature sacrificed, and particular nations and civilized society in general degraded. Knowing that no principle is worth a rush which will not bear extreme weights, he claims perfect liberty of teaching and preaching, as well as of conduct, in all that does not directly affect others, or that only so affects them with their own acquiescence. For example, that A does something which gives pain to B because B considers it wicked, *may* be a reason binding A's conscience to desist; it may be a fact justifying B in avoiding A (though not, adds Mr. Mill, "in *parading* the avoidance"); but it justifies no one in applying force of any kind to A. He maintains, again, the perfect right of all human beings to preach and practice whatever religion they choose; to preach tyrannicide, so long as the teaching is only general, and does not lead to overt acts; to get drunk as much as they like—if they injure others they are to be punished for that injury, and not for their drunkenness, which is a "self-regarding" act; to break agreements of every kind whatever, if there be mutual consent; to break them in some cases without such consent, if the agreement be itself a violation of the law of liberty: and so forth. There is obviously not a subject on which Mr. Mill personally has stronger feelings than that of polygamy—"detestation" is the word he uses; and his known opinions in matters relating to women exclude the idea that he is doing anything but maintaining a principle in what he says, and with warm indignation, too, of the treatment the Mormonites have received, and of the manner in which the English and American press handle them. He calls it "language of downright persecution." He recalls the sufferings of this body of perverts; the martyrdom of Joe Smith and others; the banishment of the sect by fire and sword; their services to humanity in reclaiming and cultivating a desert country; and then he maintains—as, by his thesis, he was bound to maintain—the perfect right of these perverts, whose doctrine he despises, and whose peculiar institution he abhors, to preach and practice what they please. He denounces the Maine Liquor Law and all attempts to suppress the sale of intoxicating liquors, and, in spite of his quasi-Malthusianism, he maintains that the law of divorce in England should be assimilated to that of Protestant Germany and many of the American States. This is a fair account of Mr. Mill's essay "On Liberty," and his notion of the dangers we are in his opinion incurring will be gathered, by those who have not read him, from an extract or two:—

"If civilization has got the better of barbarism when barbarism had the world to itself, it is too much to profess to be afraid lest barbarism, after having been fairly got under, should revive and conquer civilization. A civilization that can thus succumb to its vanquished enemy must first have become so degenerate that neither its appointed priests and teachers, nor anybody else, has the capacity, or will take the trouble, to stand up for it. If this be so, the sooner such a civilization receives notice to quit the better. It can only go on from bad to worse, until destroyed and regenerated (like the Western empire) by energetic barbarians."

Another passage shows that Mr. Mill has a genuine fear that individuality as a power is in the utmost peril, and that Europe is, as he phrases it, in danger of becoming as stationary as China:—

"The combination of all these causes forms so great a mass of influences hostile to individuality, that it is not easy to see how it can stand its ground. It will do so with increasing difficulty, unless the intelligent part of the public can be made to feel its value—to see that it is good there should be differences, even though not for the better, even though, as it may appear to them, some should be for the worse. If the claims

of individuality are ever to be asserted, the time is now, while much is still wanting to complete the enforced assimilation. It is only in the earlier stages that any stand can be successfully made against the encroachment. The demand that all other people shall resemble ourselves, grows by what it feeds on. If resistance waits till life is reduced *nearly* to one uniform type, all deviations from that type will come to be considered impious, immoral, even monstrous and contrary to nature. Mankind speedily become unable to conceive diversity, when they have been for some time unaccustomed to see it."

This, we repeat, is a just account of Mr. Mill's book. As to his "Applications" of his principle, he is responsible for them; we are not. We are not Seraphic Doctors, and do not profess to decide such difficult questions. But so far from not teaching "respect for the opinions of others," the essay may almost be said to teach nothing else. It says, Let everybody respect the opinion of everybody else, instead of trying to make him conform. Here, at least, we are on safe ground, and may add Amen to the teaching. As to respect for the opinions of others in the sense of presuming that every opinion is true or contains truth, we do not even understand it. It is a useful thing—as Mr. Mill almost superfluously insists—that differing opinions should check each other; but of two contradictory propositions, only one can be true, and in this matter we confess ourselves still in what our contemporary calls "the region of words." The tendencies, feelings, and beliefs of all men, high and low, wise and foolish, should be studied, and Mr. Mill would be the last to suggest that any great streams of tendency should be neglected; but, when we have once admitted moral and intellectual distinctions at all; when we have allowed that Tennyson is wiser and better than Finlen, and Mr. Mill than the ex-King of Naples—when we have admitted all that this implies, it is difficult to see how we can stop short of the conclusion that the opinions of multitudes, educated neither in character nor in mind, are, in everything but what concerns their obvious personal interests, more likely to be grossly wrong than right.

BABY-WIVES.

WHEN Mr. Dickens deliberately killed Dora because she could not cook David Copperfield's dinners, he put into a picturesque fashion a very common belief. That belief is, that one ought not to marry the object of one's "calf-love"—that first love is a very pretty thing, but that it is not strong enough, nor tempered enough, to survive the rude shocks of experience. Indeed, a writer in *Temple Bar* recently hinted pretty strongly that, as certain of the idealisms of first love were certain to be destroyed, it would be as well not to have them destroyed by the person with whom one must live a lifetime. If the delusions of first love be a species of mental alienation, it may be as well that the physician called in to cure the disease, and bring one down to the region of empirical commonplace, should not be one's wife. Yet people do go on marrying their first loves; and sometimes the result is not so disastrous as the proverbial philosophers would have us expect. A curious instance, however, of the simplicity of the baby-wife comes to us from Doncaster. It appears that, about two years ago, a certain young man, called Thomas Sharrad, who is even now under age, married. Thomas is the son of a general dealer "in an extensive way of business;" and this prosperous father, some eighteen months ago, took a house and shop for his son and daughter-in-law. He furnished the house and stocked the shop—in brief, he played the part of benevolent father in a quite unusual manner. If any two people had ever a chance of living happily and comfortably, it was Thomas and his wife. The young couple were in a respectable walk in life; they had relatives in an extensive way of business; they were relieved from all anxiety as to the future by this munificent conduct on the part of Thomas's father. We have said nothing of love's young dream; but, considering that the husband was only something over eighteen years of age, we have reason to hope that worldly fortune was not the only favourable influence that shone upon their lives. A young couple, not out of their teens, recently married, and suddenly dowered by a benevolent father with a furnished house and a well-stocked shop—here are the materials for an idyl. But whatever of idyllic charm there was about that period did not seem to have much effect on Thomas's baby-wife. She was unstable as water—in her innocent child-like fashion. She betrayed a juvenile fondness for one named Bacchus, a young man, the son of a respectable house-agent. Bacchus was a very frequent visitor; and yet the three children did not form a happy family. In their spoilt way, they began to exhibit temper. The baby-husband and baby-wife began to quarrel, the baby-friend reaping the harvest of these quarrels by in-

creased affection shown to himself by Thomas's intractable spouse. The benevolent father seems never to have come upon the scene—as it was clearly his business to do, with a cane or a birch for his young friends. Baby-wives are in the habit of doing such uncommonly injudicious things that some elderly person ought to interfere and protect the young husbands, who have no more brains and no more stability than their wives. In the present case, Thomas's wife seems to have drifted in the most innocent fashion into a tender and illegal passion. "For some time past," observes the newspaper reporter, in that coarse and matter-of-fact phraseology which is at times cruelly explicit in matters relating to baby-wives, "the intimacy between Bacchus and Mrs. Sharrad"—the notion of calling this playful young thing "Mrs." is highly humorous—"appears to have been of the closest and most amorous nature." But we must look upon the rude insinuation conveyed by these lines in the light of what we know about baby-wives and their amiable ways. Perhaps Thomas was a little unkind now and then; and the petted child whom he had married sought consolation in the tender sympathy of Bacchus. Perhaps Thomas did not like Longfellow, and perhaps Bacchus did. Perhaps Thomas was negligent about his hair, while Bacchus was good in that particular and excellent in every other particular. Perhaps, in short, Thomas was a little tired of his playmate, and inclined to be a little gruff with her; and perhaps, at the same moment, Bacchus grew more assiduous in his attentions. What, under these circumstances, does the child-lover do? If she promises to be Jack's sweetheart if Jack will give her a boat, and if Jack refuses to give her the boat, and if Harry comes with his boat and asks her to be his sweetheart, what does she do? Why, she throws Jack over; and serves him right, too. In the present case there was no question of gifts. Bacchus did not come like the lover in "The Green Bushes" and offer to purchase the young person's love by buying for her "jewels and fine silken hose." But he was affectionate (probably Thomas was not), and so she listened to Bacchus, and said, in her innocent way, that she would run off with that young man.

Now mark the extraordinary simplicity of these conspiring young people. They had learned to love in a stocked shop; and they could not help associating their future love with a stocked shop. They could not dis sever the sentiment from the accessories which it had hallowed. So they resolved to go forth into the world, and live in a shop. Sheffield was the place they pitched upon (they had not run away, the naughty children, just yet), and here they determined they would get up a shop to be in readiness for their arrival. But love, being merely a sentiment, cannot supply its victims with such objective articles as mangles, soap, tar, and perambulators. Bacchus and his frail sweetheart wanted stock for the shop; and so, in their innocent, childlike fashion, they took the stock that lay nearest them. Nay, they added to the romance the charm of secrecy. Just for amusement's sake, they resolved to take a few articles from Thomas's shop, in order to furnish this shop in Sheffield; and the subterfuges they had to resort to, and the excitement attendant upon the labour, were doubtless as good as a play. The mere mechanism of the "conveyance" was exceedingly ludicrous. The goods were first abstracted—such is the vague terminology of the reporter—from Thomas's shop; they were forthwith taken to Thomas's house; thence they were removed, at dead of night, to the house of Bacchus's father, and stowed away in the cellar, the stable, and several of the rooms. It was merely a game of "beggar my neighbour"; and Thomas happened to be unlucky. In due time, some of these goods were sent off to Sheffield, that the nest for the newly-paired pigeons might be judiciously feathered and made comfortable. These preparations having been made, opportunity was taken. Thomas so far neglected his wife and his stocked shop as to spend a day at the Pontefract races (Pontefract cakes might have been more suitable for these children), and on his return he found that his playmate had run away and left the house empty. A good deal of furniture was also missing. He went to the house of Bacchus's papa; and there, sure enough, he found the naughty little girl who had run away from her home, and the naughtier boy who had induced her to do it. In the most charmingly innocent manner, he found his wife addressing Mr. and Mrs. Bacchus as "Pa" and "Ma." We are not told whether Pa and Ma were aware of the awkward little promises which the girl-wife had made to her former companion. What Thomas did perceive was, first, that his baby-wife had got a new playfellow; and that she had, in her fascinating, harmless way, taken away a good deal of his property, with which to amuse the boy who was now uppermost in her mind. Of course, there ensued the ordinary

challenge. When, at the age of twelve, you rob some companion of his sweetheart, you know pretty well that you have got to fight for her, and consider yourself lucky if you get off with a swollen lip and an ensanguined nose. Bacchus, upon the entrance of Thomas, boldly rose to his feet, and declared that he, Bacchus, would like to "double him up." Thomas does not seem to have liked the prospect of being doubled up; for we find him quietly retiring from the house and going in quest of a policeman. This conduct we consider ignominious. A policeman should not be called in to interfere in a case of the affections; for he does not understand them—except when they hover around threepenny-pieces and slices of cold mutton. A policeman on the affections is an uncertain guide; and Thomas betrayed the natural impulse and reckless injudiciousness of his mind in asking for any such aid. However, the policeman, armed with a search-warrant, made his appearance. Imagine Endymion and his mistress being challenged to prove the ownership of their effects (if either Endymion or his companion may be supposed to have had anything about them) by a legal officer! The property, undoubtedly, was found; it was proved to belong, not to Thomas, but to his father; and Bacchus and his sweetheart were brought before a magistrate.

At this humiliating climax, the idyl of stocked-shop life had arrived. Henceforward the case seemed to have lost its poetic charm. How could the playful simplicity of these child-lovers survive the impertinent staring of a crowded court? It is almost with indifference we learn that in the dock Bacchus "conducted himself with considerable levity." As a matter of course, the fine, childlike innocence had quite gone out of him, and he had become "cheeky." How Thomas's baby-wife behaved herself we are not permitted to learn. Doubtless, she was much surprised that people should drag her into such a position, when she had only been amusing herself. She had only been "playing at building a house," had changed her sweetheart, and taken another. And we, too, are surprised that the magistrates—apparently uninfluenced by her "prepossessing appearance"—refused to take bail for the two young things who had got themselves into trouble. In fact, to use that terribly explicit language of the reporter, "both prisoners are in custody." Meanwhile, what does Thomas think of it all? Is he vexed that he actually went and married Annabel Lee? At any rate, we may presume that he has resolved never to do the like again.

THE NEW PLAY.

THE critics and the public are disagreed about Dr. Westland Marston's new drama, "Life for Life"; and we are of opinion that, in this instance, the public are in the right. We should have expected that a drama written in the necessarily conventional phraseology of poetry, dealing with past times and with a set of characters whose representatives we now never meet in actual life, pitched in a lofty key, unaided by realistic accessories, and extending over four tolerably long acts, was more likely to have met with the approbation of thoughtful and experienced critics, who must be painfully conscious of the state of matters that almost renders such an effort in dramatic writing an anachronism, than with the applause and delight of the average playgoer, who has been accustomed to the titillation of extravaganza and burlesque, and to the appeals of real steam-engines and Hansom cabs. Yet the reverse has been the case. While praising highly the literary merit of the drama, the critics have looked upon it somewhat coldly as a play, and have hinted something about its being uninteresting. The audiences at the "Lyceum," on the other hand, have shown that the drama has really touched them; and have nightly expressed their admiration of the drama by recalling Miss Neilson at the end of every act. The fact is surprising, and very gratifying. It adds another to the many almost imperceptible indications floating about that a dramatic revival is drawing near. And if such a revival do take place, it is to Dr. Westland Marston, more than to any other living man, that we look for that literary leadership without which such a movement must necessarily confine itself to mere efforts at reproduction. However, to the play.

The scene of "Life for Life" is pitched in the Highlands of Scotland, and the *dramatis personæ* are members of the clans Mackane and Macronald, which are at deadly feud with each other. The chief of the Macronalds has an only daughter, named Lillian, a girl of exceeding gentleness and beauty, who has also plenty of the spirit and pride begotten of her breeding and blood. When we are introduced to her, in her father's castle, an old clansman is suggesting possible husbands for her; and with a charming petulance and waywardness she disposes of their various claims:—

"MacLeod! He has flaxen hair,
And a hand like a woman's; then he plays
The harp. The hand I take shall never finger
Harp-strings; but do the deeds that harp-strings echo!"

At this time the clan Macdonald have gone upon a raid into the Mackane's country; and, while Lilian is yet speaking with her nurse and the old clansman, the wraith that always appears to warn the family of any disaster becomes visible to her. The scene is a very striking one; and it is followed by the return of the Macdonalds, with the tidings of their chief's death. They bring with them, however, the young son of Mackane, whose life Lilian—in a powerful scene, in which she confronts the clansmen, and as the representative of the authority of her dead father, commands them to lower their claymores—is effectual in saving. The boy is permitted to remain in the castle, and becomes Lilian's companion. But Lilian's lover appears as a mysterious stranger, who has been abroad, and is returning to his own people. In reality Oscar is the brother of the chief of the Mackanes, and he and Lilian fall in love with each other without knowing each other's name. The revelation that they are the representatives of two races that are in deadly enmity is disastrous; yet, while Lilian bids him fly from her, her parting words are—

"I may not love thee, and I cannot hate."

Whereupon he invents a theory why he may still love her, without departing from the traditional duty which he has imbibed with his mother's milk:—

"Thou canst not hate! Nor I. If enemy's blood
Flow in thy veins, it flows not in thy soul.
Blood speaks in accidents—in features—form—
Complexion—but a soul like thine, life's essence,
Flows not transmitted from a human source,
But has its kin in heaven."

Of course the lovers come to the conclusion that they are not responsible for their fathers' quarrels, and so they plan a surreptitious marriage. Meanwhile, Murdock Mackane, imagining that his son, taken captive, has been killed, resolves upon deadly vengeance, and introduces himself in disguise into Lilian's castle. He obtains an interview with her, and is about to kill her, when his son happens to run into the chamber. The boy declares how Lilian saved his life; and, in return, Murdock not only spares Lilian, but hands her over to his brother Oscar, commuting the punishment of death for that of marriage. The drama ends with the reconciliation of the clans.

It is remarkably well written. The difficulty of the dramatist in such a position is that he has to present familiar scenes in unfamiliar language, and yet present them so that they shall not look artificial or conventional. Take one of the lovers' scenes, for example. We know how realistic these scenes become in Mr. Robertson's comedies—how the people speak the ordinary, hesitating, ungrammatical speech which we all use—how chance glimpses of absurdity are not omitted—how the whole picture is a photograph. People do not talk blank verse, and yet the poetic dramatist, using a certain set of verbal symbols, has to make this man or this woman speak naturally, and exhibit the very same indications of character which are brought out by the more literal and direct method of the comedy-writer. Yet the character of Lilian Macdonald, in Dr. Marston's play, wants nothing. We have its petulance, its doubt, its pride, its gentle modesty, its courageous self-assertion—in short, every side-light is brought in to tell upon the central conception, and we have a fine, womanly nature revealed to us, clearly and sharply, in that very stately phraseology which some would have us regard as obsolete. But it is not obsolete in poetry; and why should it be in dramatic writing? Women do not talk as Guinevere talks; but women think as Guinevere is thinking; and how could one translate such thought into meaner language? If poetry is good for anything, it ought to tell us what cannot be told in prose; and if a poetic drama is good for anything, it must not only lift us into a sphere of idealized emotion, but actually exhibit to us real men and women, and that more fully and beautifully than is possible to the realistic drama or comedy. That Dr. Westland Marston's drama (we wish he had called it something else than "Life for Life") does this, in several of the characters, we have already said. Not in Oscar—who is mere talk, and therefore nothing; nor in Ursula, nor in Kenelm, nor in Margery, who reveal nothing to us. But in Murdock Mackane, in Lilian, and in Roderick we have three complete characters, full of life, and suggestion, and the naturalness that awakens our attention and interest. If we except Kenelm from the list of the vacuous, we are in doubt whether the compliment should not be paid to Miss Minnie Sydney, whose careful and winning piece of acting

was in itself an illustration of character. Then, as to the writing, apart from its dramatic purpose, look at such passages as the following:—

(Murdock speaks.)

"I had a boy, in whose soft brow, clear eyes,
And trick of speech, his mother lived again.
And often when he spoke, a sudden echo
Surprised me from the ruins of my youth.
And when he trod the heath, my fancy leaped
The years to come, and saw the eagle's plume
Stream from his bonnet, as, with claymore drawn,
And our wild war-cry on his lips he led
Our van to battle as a comet leads
The trail of light behind it!"

... Well, this boy, my Kenelm,
Who was to me—guess what an only son,
His mother in the grave, is to a father—
Going forth to fight I left him in the care
Of humble folk, whose lowly roof I deemed
Would be a safe and less suspected shelter
Than my own walls; but there the hunters tracked him,
Seized, bore him off, and doubtless, dyed their hands
In a child's blood—my Kenelm!"

Nor is the passage less powerful in which Murdock is aroused from his gloom by his henchman describing the vengeance his chief had taken upon the Macdonalds. The chief rises, with the light of slaughter on his face—

"Thy words are wine, brave heart! As I had known
Their ruthless tribe should one day, from his lair
Hunt my poor whelp to death, I took revenge
Beforehand; but my heart, unslaked, could drink
Revenge as sand drinks water: I am parched!
(Raising his hands to heaven) more rain! more rain!"

It is perhaps unfair to give any of Lilian's speeches apart from Miss Neilson's gracious delivery of them; but here is one passage which may safely stand by itself. She is talking to her lover:—

"Know'st thou not
How oft our minds, when earth seems fairest, shape
Some being fit to tread it? Thus at sunset,
When in the lake's pure floor the circling peaks
Beheld their jewelled image, and entranced,
I asked if heaven above or heaven below
Did ravish more with beauty; or in autumns,
When, through the woods, a-blaze with leafy gold,
Or flushed with rubies, like a conscious life,
The brook pulsed on, then would I sigh, oh, Earth,
How fair thou art! Give me a man to match thee!
In mien let him be noble—brave of heart—
To rule so bright a realm;—in war, his voice
Dread as the seas; in peace, as soft as winds
That roam in summer 'mid the pines, and teach
The dim green twilight time. Be such my lord!
And when I met and knew thee first, I felt
That what my heart imagined Heaven had clothed
In form and flesh, and that I saw my prayer!"

Of Miss Neilson's acting it is always a pleasure to write; but in "Life for Life" she has obviously surpassed her previous efforts. There is a certain refinement about her speech and gesture which may be the result either of personal habit or of extreme and fastidious study—one is puzzled to say which; but in either case it is very charming. As to her "attitudinizing," about which one or two critics have something to say, we need only remark here that there are certain figures which, by reason of their natural grace, can no more help falling into perfect artistic attitudes than the swan can help the curve of his neck, or the landrail the measured dignity of her walk. As for the studied portions of Miss Neilson's acting, we observe in them a sustained exhibition of emotion, which is, perhaps, too closely confined to a particular key. She is too sweet, and too gracious, at times. Lilian smiles too much; and yet it is not the calculating smile of a Becky Sharp, nor the sensuous smile of a Cleopatra, but the natural, wondering smile of a young girl that one learns to accept as the normal expression of her face. For the rest, at the end of the first scene, and in the interview with Murdock, she showed marked power, accompanied by that *abandon* which loses sight of immediate points. Miss Neilson should let go the reins a little more in her passionate scenes: in her quieter scenes, and in those snatches of refined and gracious comedy which occur here and there in the drama, she is simply perfect. A finer piece of acting than that with which she receives Roderick's list of possible husbands it is impossible to conceive. Miss Minnie Sydney's Kenelm we have incidentally mentioned: it is bright, clever, and effective. Mr. Jordan's Roderick is very good: he hits exactly the character of the sagacious, kindly old Highlander. Mr. Coghlan's hero was perhaps as

lifelike a figure as he could get out of his lines. But what are we to say of Mr. Hermann Vezin in this brief way? It is not in a few lines that his vigorous and powerful conception of Murdock should be disposed of; nor could any such hasty notice include an estimate of his careful and forcible acting and his fine elocution. Yet we cannot enter more fully into these matters at present; and for the drama itself we can only add that it has been well put upon the stage, with some novel appointments in the way of real pipers and some excellent scenery. The scene-painters have made only one blunder. Forgetting that the drama takes place in Scotland, they have several times in the course of the piece represented sunshine!

MARRIAGE IN RUSSIA.

THE Russian merchant, the citizen of St. Petersburg, retains to this day some of the ancient customs of his forefathers. The primitive character of Russian nationality has, however, to battle hard against the influence of European civilization. Family influence, and especially that of the home circle, however, still exists in full force. Father and mother have complete moral authority over their children of both sexes, no matter how old the latter may be. This authority shows itself principally in the words and actions of the father; he conducts his household as he pleases, and among the trading class it is very rare, indeed, to hear of a son or daughter acting in opposition to a father's will. In general the father is feared and respected, the mother respected and loved. Nowhere (England excepted) is home life—the intimate family life—so fully developed as in Russia, and that more particularly in the class which is there called merchant-citizen.

The father, therefore, decides the marriage of his children; and what he requires before all else is that the future wife or husband should belong to the Orthodox Greek Church, and have a good reputation. Young men may marry at eighteen, young girls at sixteen. Whether the future pair know each other or not, there is always a matchmaker engaged to make the overtures, and to carry on the negotiations on this delicate subject. "Popping the question" is a profession that requires a great deal of art and intelligence in the person who exercises it. In the first place, a matchmaker must be a widow, not younger than thirty-five, and not older than fifty. She must be lively, good-looking, and full of fun and wit. It is quite indispensable that she should have the "gift of the gab," that, as the Russian proverb has it, she need not feel for her words in her pockets. A matchmaker ought to know everything, without showing it. Very often the matchmaker is the widow of a priest. After the death of her husband, when she sets up in her profession, she is sure to have a large number of customers, both rich and influential, to help her on in any difficulties, particularly if her husband during his lifetime had acquired the love and respect of his parishioners in the exercise of his ministry. At St. Petersburg the citizen seldom either hates or despises the priest. The "white" or secular clergy of the capital are, generally speaking, well instructed and well read, and lead a sober and laborious life, devoting their whole time to the duties imposed upon them by the Church. Constantly under the eyes of the Holy Synod, of the Emperor himself, and of the whole of Europe, even if they do not possess all the qualities necessary to constitute them good ministers, they take care to be *outwardly* all that they should be. The matchmaker is the intimate friend of all parents who have children to marry, and of young lovers of both sexes. She is always on the outlook, and knows how to guess the inclinations of her customers, and the best time to commence operations. The custom is that neither the parents nor the young people should show that the latter desire to contract a marriage; in fact, they pretend entire ignorance on the subject. "Well, Ivan Ivanitch," says the matchmaker to the father, "you have the goods and I have the buyer; do you not think that it is time to find a place for Machinka. Come Saint Alexandre's day (the holy man), she will have attained her tenth year, with six added to that. What say you?" "Why, I don't say no, if my daughter says yes. Speak to her; it is her business, not mine. I am an old man now, and have forgotten all about these sorts of things."

Now, the matchmaker knows very well that Machinka is in love with the young Andevrimkoff, her uncle's clerk. "Come, Ivan Ivanitch, the thing is very well as it is; Machinka won't say no, you'll see." "Well, well," says the old man; "tell me who is the predestined engaged one? Who is he, the brave fellow! and where is he?" "Guess," says she. The old man names all the young men he knows, without ever mentioning the right one, although he is perfectly aware all the

time who he is; but such is the usage. At last the matchmaker names him, and adds, "Marriages are made in heaven, you know." When all this is settled they send for the mother, and the same scene is repeated, with this difference, that she bursts into tears when she gives her consent. And now takes place the third scene of the first act. The young lady is sent for; the matchmaker begins by making a long speech, in which she describes the happiness of the marriage state, particularly the quiet happiness of the young lady's own parents; speaks of the blessing of God that had evidently been bestowed upon them in the gift of children. She then continues to tell of the pleasures of becoming a mother, of parental love, and of the way in which the young lady's own parents had brought up their daughter, and concludes by a serious exhortation to respect and obey her parents. All this time Machinka is standing before the tribunal, listening, with downcast eyes and blushing cheeks. The foregoing scenes are then acted over again, and Machinka does not succeed, any more than her parents, in finding out the young gentleman's name. At last the matchmaker declares it. If he is accepted by the young lady, she throws herself at her parents' feet, and declares that she never wishes to leave them, but that, if it is her destiny, she is willing, and desires their blessing.

The father then sends for every member of his household, even to the *dvornik* (porter); all sit down and remain perfectly still for a moment; they then rise, pray mentally, making the sign of the cross, and the father declares to all present that his daughter is asked in marriage; that she has accepted the offer because she believes it to be her destiny and the will of God; finally he gives her his blessing. All then congratulate the parents, and the young lady. Everybody sheds tears at the thought of the approaching separation, and, bowing, leaves the room. The family remain alone with the matchmaker to treat of the marriage portion to be given on both sides, as well as of the marriage outfit; the parents ask what the young man has, although they know very well; but it is the custom. Then the matchmaker begins, "Well, Ivan Ivanitch, you give the principal bundle of goods; but what do you give into the bargain?" "Hum!" says the old man, "the goods I furnish are so good that I consider anything else useless. Let us first know what the future husband has." The matchmaker then mentions, one after the other, everything the gentleman is to bring towards housekeeping. The father listens, and then enumerates all he is to give his daughter, and begins thus:—"A large double bed complete." The matchmaker says, "It is the custom;" the young lady blushes, the mother sighs. The father continues, "Two marten sable cloaks, one of fox-fur, fifteen Lyons silk and satin dresses, ten real Paris bonnets, twelve pairs of shoes, three chemises, one nightgown, and one petticoat," &c. After many observations on both sides, everything is concluded; the day is appointed for the young people to be presented to each other; they then separate. The next day the bride's family go to church to give thanks for the marriage in prospect, which they must now make known to their friends and relations.

When the bridegroom is presented, the whole house is in confusion; all the relations, friends, and neighbours, on both sides, are invited to the house of the bride. When all the expected company are assembled, the matchmaker comes in, leading the bridegroom by the hand, and, going straight to the head of the house, presents him. The father first, then the mother, kisses him. The bride's father then leads the young man to a table covered with a white cloth; on the table is a silver salver with a loaf of bread on it, and on the bread a salt-cellar with salt. Two rings, one of gold, the other of silver, are placed on a small silver tray before a golden image of the Virgin Mary holding the Child Jesus in her arms. With this image they bless the future couple. All the company stand; the mother holds the bride, completely dressed in white, by the hand, surrounded by all her dearest friends and companions. All bow before the image. The father takes the image, the mother the bread and salt; the young couple then kneel under the image, and are first blessed by the father; the latter then takes the bread and salt from the hands of the mother and gives her the image, and the same ceremony is repeated. After this the father and mother of the bridegroom do the like. Then comes the giving of the rings: the bride's father gives the golden ring to the bridegroom, the silver one to the bride. They are now affianced to each other, and give each other the first kiss. When the ceremony is over, the company enjoy themselves; they chat, laugh, eat and drink, and separate, after having fixed the day for the marriage. During the interval between this ceremony and the marriage the bridegroom spends all his evenings with his bride, often *tête-à-tête*. The marriage ceremony follows. It is also called the coronation, because

during the ceremony a crown is placed on the heads of the affianced. Then the priest offers them a cup of wine, of which they both drink, as a sign of the union they have contracted. A solemn procession is led by the officiating priest, the bride and bridegroom following him, round the desk, placed in the centre of the church, upon which is laid the Bible. This is meant to represent the joys which await them, the ties which they contract, and the eternity of these ties. During the public celebration of the marriage the rings worn by the young people are exchanged: the husband now wearing the silver one, the bride the golden. From the church all the company invited go to the house of the bridegroom's father. A week after, they return to church, when the priest lifts the crown from their heads. This is the final consecration of marriage.

All the clergy that assisted at the blessing in the church expect to partake of the marriage feast. When rich merchant shopkeepers marry their children they spare nothing to make the ceremony splendid. Generally the carriage that takes them to church is gilt, and drawn by four, sometimes six horses—beautiful dappled greys. The marriage over, the bride is taken home to her new family. The coachman and the postillions are often richly dressed in azure velvet, with gold or gilt buttons; their belt and the ribbons streaming from their hats are gold galoons. The reins of the horses, as well as their manes, are dotted with bunches of pink and blue ribbons; two huge men-servants, with round hats, livery coats, and knee-breeches, dazzling with blue and gold, are perched behind the carriage. This equipage, hired for the occasion, costs not less than forty pounds sterling; but custom will have it so. The banquet is ordered at some first-rate confectioner's. Nothing is wanting—silver, crystal, flowers, and lustres laden with candles of the purest wax. The most perfect order reigns at these repasts. The finest wines flow in abundance, and music plays from time to time during the whole repast. The young married pair occupy seats about the middle of the table, the parents supporting them on both sides; the rest of the company take seats according to the degree of relationship or rank. If they want a very grand dinner, they order a "general's" dinner, which costs 100*l.* more than an ordinary one. At this dinner, so ordered, the master of ceremonies invites a real old pensioned-off general, who is received with all the reverence due to his rank, and seated in the place of honour. He is the first to drink to the health of the young couple, and is always helped before any one else. He never speaks unless it is absolutely necessary. He is there only for show, and he does his best in return for the four pounds paid him for his presence to eat and drink as much as he can. He is accosted when helped to anything, arack or wine, as "your excellency." He never refuses a single dish of all the thirty served on such occasions. These dinners are always served after the French fashion, but it would be very difficult for us to catch what the waiters mean when they present a dish as "patach au fisc," instead of "potage à la Bisque;" or when for "filet de bœuf," "filez debout," and so on. As the last roast disappears from the table the champagne corks fly, the glasses are filled to the brim, the music strikes up, and huzzas resound from all parts. But here comes the bride's father with glass in hand, going up to her bowing, and making a most woful face, saying that his wine was so bitter that he could not drink it till she had sweetened it. After a great deal of pressing, she rises and gives her husband a kiss; her father still pretends that his wine is bitter, and it remains so till she has given her husband three kisses; each kiss not only sweetens his wine, but is accompanied with roars of laughter and bursts of applause. After the dinner comes the ball and "the general's walk." They lead him through all the rooms once every half-hour; everybody salutes him as he passes along, and he graciously replies by an inclination of the head. At last, at three o'clock in the morning, all the young girls and those who dressed the bride take her away to undress her, and put her to rest; the young men do the same by the husband. The next morning the house of the newly-married couple is again filled with the crowds of the evening before. The young wife is seated in a drawing-room on a sofa, with a splendid tea-service before her. One after the other approaches, salutes her, and asks, "Have you slept well, madam? Do you feel rested after the fatigues of the last night?" She then offers tea, coffee, or chocolate, according to the taste of the visitor. She is throned for the first time in all splendour as the mistress of the house. The most intimate friends remain to spend the day with the young pair. A week after the marriage the wife's family give a series of dinner parties, evening parties, and balls. These fêtes sometimes last for a fortnight, or even three weeks or a month, and so the young people gradually subside into their ordinary everyday life.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE IMMORAL INFLUENCE OF MORAL BOOKS

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—In an early number of the *Fortnightly Review*, Mr. Robert Buchanan attempted to show that the morality of any book was determinable by its value as literature,—immoral writing proceeding primarily from insincerity of sight, and therefore being betokened by all those signs which enable us to ascertain the mere defectiveness of art as art. This dictum has, of course, been misunderstood, and given some amusement to a few critics; and though much has been written on the subject, for and against the "theory," the matter stands much where it did when Mr. Buchanan began to write. Indeed, this question of literary morality is one of the most subtle connected in any way with æsthetic criticism. Most people waive it altogether. Many people think it important, but far too difficult for analysis. Yet it is scarcely a question to be waived, and I am by no means sure that it is so difficult as to elude us altogether; for which reasons, let me venture to touch now on a branch of the theme which has rested undiscussed till now, and on which, I think, more than on most subjects, general readers require to be a little informed.

The commonest, and perhaps really the strongest, argument against the sincerity-test as applied to books, to ascertain their morality, is that which points out how immoral books are to be detected by their immoral influence. This argument is the weapon used by the British matron and by gentlemen in orders, but it actually hits hard. Nevertheless, if this decision by influence is to be introduced into the matter, we are still further off from an æsthetic test than ever. To show this in one way, I propose making a few remarks, not on the characteristics of bad art or good art, not on the quality of works which hover doubtfully between purity and impurity and are scarcely to be classed in any final way whatever, but on the influence of certain books which are universally admitted to be unimpeachable on moral grounds. The immoral influence of some such books will be quite clear on a little demonstration.

But first, let it be quite clear that I do *not* introduce in example literature which could possibly suffer on the application of the mere artistic test, however severe, however subtle in its chemic results. The whole Evangelical world would be up in arms if one branded as "immoral" some of the generally very sweet and beautiful sermons of George MacDonald. Most excellent people would abhor the man who cited (what he considered) the great wickedness of "John Halifax, Gentleman." These, however, are instances where the artistic test is fatal. The great perversions and inconsistencies of even an artist like Carlyle, and of other writers who imitate the Germans, may (I believe) be detected by a chemistry separating the elements of mere style, and proving the insincerity of the literary combination. MacDonald may be called sentimental, "John Halifax" may be proved conventional in the bad sense, Carlyle may be shown untrustworthy,—all in the sphere of defective creation. But there are a few books, a very few books, which are not only great works of art, but great wells of pure limpid thought or deep veins of exquisite philosophy. It is by examining these that we shall discover how shallow a criticism it is, how destructive and mean a standard, which judges any literature by the morality of its influence.

Further, as to the mere word morality, which is naturally connected by most people with the relations which subsist, or ought to subsist, between the sexes. Generally speaking, he who educates his children and cleaves to one woman is called a moral person, while he is deemed immoral who seduces his neighbour's wife. But morality is something more than continence, though it enforces continence. Morality, always a difficult matter to define, may be briefly defined for the present purpose as purity of character in thought and deed, consequent on a notion of right or wrong determinable by some such method as the "categorical imperative" of Kant, but separated by process from the utilitarian doctrine of expediency. What dwarfs the mental stature or limits unnecessarily the healthy action of any healthy function may be fairly styled immoral. Anything is moral which satisfies the spirit and helps it to grow, while being thoroughly consistent with the happiness and purity of the community at large.

To begin with Goethe; not selecting the naughty "Affinities," or the doubtful "Egmont," or the statuesque "Iphigenia," but taking for examination the universal "Faust"—a production by the side of which all Goethe's other work, with the exception of the lyrics, looks like the second-rate and little-natured stuff it is. "Faust" is confessedly a masterpiece—beautiful, sane, and perfectly pure. Now, I am not going to

cite as immoral certain little bits (as, for instance, in the Witch's Cave and the Brocken scenes) which are necessarily offensive. Dirt in itself is not immoral, even in art, though a little dirt may make very bad art. But take first this devil, this Mephistophiles, this fellow whom everybody believes to represent rightly the true modern principle of evil. Of course, the devil is immoral, but an immoral personage does not make an immoral poem—far from it; but the question is, whether or not this particular immoral personage, although excellently well depicted, does not so pervade the poem, and in a manner still so strictly in keeping with the finest art, as to have an exceedingly immoral influence on the majority of students.

From at least one point of view, "Faust" (by which I must be understood to mean the first part of "Faust," every one agreeing to place the second part in a separate and very inferior place) is a loveless and hopeless poem—a *mauvais rêve*, as a sensitive French critic once called it in my hearing. Even the sweetest nooks of Marguerite's chamber are daily troubled by a faint reflection from the flame of hell, and the serpent draws his slimy trail over the sleeping limbs of the maiden herself.* There is nowhere any escape from the damnable laugh of the scoffer. Philosophy and poetry, as well as pedantry and parochialism, are mercilessly dissected and grinned over. Only here and there the clear, fresh breeze of the visible world parts the dark moral cloud, and reveals a landscape full of light and motion. Only in the light, external sunshine Mephistophiles will not walk,—for the very good reason that there only the throw of the shadow is quite plain. Now, all this is perfectly fair and legitimate; for there is no lack of deep poetic music, no lack of poetic meaning. But the effect is only spiritualizing on certain conditions, among which is, say, a previous knowledge of the other devils—Luther's, Milton's, and perhaps Burns's; in other words, it must be clearly understood that the scoffer is the modern product, the excess of a power in itself excellent as a corrective, and therefore tolerated (as Goethe in the prologue shows us it is tolerated) by the great Ruler of all. I venture to say that "Faust" does much harm to many readers who see in Mephistophiles the mean, hopeless, passionless, sceptical, evil principle embittering modern life—a devil thoroughly clever and totally undignified, but particularly an idle, isolated devil—and who do not see in him the very cause of the failure he so persistently derides. It may be said that Goethe does not make quite clear this culpability of Mephistophiles as the cause; and Goethe the artist does not, because the thing is by no means clear in life or thought. He isolates his scoffer as modern thought tends to isolate him. He makes the embodiment of selfishness the bitterest critic of thoughts and deeds analyzed into selfish motives, leaving it by no means clear that evil thoughts and deeds are instigated by the very principle which is first to criticise them, and really avoidable when one turns a deaf ear to the devil. All this is the result of the devil's position, *incog.*, as spectator and critic of his own work. Many say that the devil is right, as he takes the work to pieces, and the general fault is placed to the account of God.

All this surely is essentially moral, and yet capable of very immoral influences. But perhaps Faust, after all, is a doubtful field of illustration. Far stronger examples may be given in another letter.

Yours, &c.,

EGMONT.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

MISSIONARY enterprise in China formed the subject of a short discussion in the House of Lords on Tuesday evening, inaugurated by the Duke of Somerset, who made a speech which, though inaccurate on one or two points of detail, was worthy of all praise for the large measure of truth which it contained, and for the courageous spirit with which it was animated. It requires some nerve to face the ontories of bigotry sure to be raised against any man who dares to protest against the mischievous efforts of religious enthusiasts to interfere with the faith of Chinese and other civilized Oriental races. This, however, was what the Duke of Somerset did, in terms as brave

as they were just and admirable. A missionary, it seems, was recently subjected to violence at Hangchow, where the mob rose on him. "Then, in the usual course of things, a naval force was sent for, and came, and, after some little remonstrance, as soon as they saw there was an effective force, the Chinese authorities gave way." The danger is really a serious one, and some day it may involve us in a fresh war with China, in which we shall have as little justice on our side as we have had in previous quarrels with that country. The Duke of Somerset said "he wanted to know what right we had to send inland missions into China? What right had we to try to convert the Chinese?" The questions admit of no satisfactory answer. We have not the shadow of a right to force our religion upon other nations: we have not even the justification of success. Neither in India nor in China does Christianity show any substantial advance, and the few converts that are made are generally described as anything but improvements on the unconverted. "All the papers received from China," said the Earl of Clarendon in the course of the discussion, "demonstrate that not only the authorities and influential persons, but the whole population of China, are adverse to the spread of missionary establishments; and it is not only most dangerous for the missionaries themselves, but much to be condemned with respect to the interests of the Government and people of this country." To similar purpose spoke Earl Grey, who put a very pertinent case:—"Suppose the Chinese were to organize a mission to convert us, and were to invade Wapping, or any of our populous towns, could we protect those people from the rage of the populace? Suppose, then, that, in consequence of some collision, a Chinese force were to come and insist on compensation for the injuries inflicted on these holy missionaries who had been engaged in putting down Christianity, and that, further, they were to insist on our putting up an inscription, saying that we had been properly punished for interfering with their missionaries—what should we think of such proceedings?" Such, however, is the course we have been pursuing towards the Chinese, and, what with our arrogance and the atrocities of the Taepings, the Celestials have been goaded into a positive horror and dread of the faith that is associated with such acts. The Duke of Somerset was mistaken in supposing that the missionary attacked at Hangchow was sent out by any missionary society; but the principle of religious interference in such a country as China is radically false, in whatever way it may be manifested.

The Earl of Derby has addressed the following letter to his Irish tenants and others resident on his estate in the neighbourhood of Bally-kesteen House:—

"My good friends,—Let me write to you as one who, though long absent, has never ceased to take a warm interest in all that concerns you. For forty-five years I have had the charge of the property on which you live, and I can truly say that I have always studied to promote your welfare and comfort, and to your credit be it said that in that long period no serious crime has come to my knowledge as having been committed by any of you. It grieves me, therefore, to learn that one of your immediate neighbours, an inoffensive man, and I am told generally popular, has been recently murdered on the high road, not far from my lodge gate. I am glad to be assured that no suspicion of having been concerned in the murder attaches to any of you; but I have reason to believe that more than one of you are aware of facts which, if disclosed, might go far to fix the guilt on the actual criminal. It is the interest of all that crimes of such magnitude should not go unpunished; and I desire to impress on you what I fear is not sufficiently understood in Ireland, that he who, by shielding a murderer, encourages the crime, is only one degree less culpable than he who commits it. You all know that I never ejected a respectable and deserving tenant, but you must not be surprised if I do not allow any one to continue in the occupation of my land who, by concealing or misrepresenting facts within his knowledge, shall be found to have done his best towards frustrating the ends of justice, and making himself virtually an accomplice in the crime of murder. I offer no money reward for information. I appeal rather to your love of justice, and to the desire which you must feel to relieve yourselves from the disgrace of having such a crime perpetrated in the midst of you, and undetected; to disclose fearlessly and truthfully to those whose duty it is to make inquiry any circumstance which may lead to the discovery of the murderer. Do not, I entreat you, by neglecting this your positive duty, give me cause to lower the good opinion which I have formed of you after so many years' acquaintance.—Your old and true friend, DERBY."

* An intelligent young German lady once drew my attention to this well-known passage, wherein Marguerite whispers bliss to Faust in the garden:—

"Ach wenn ich nur alleine schlief!
Ich liess' dir gern heut Nacht den Riegel offen;
Doch meine Mutter schläft nicht tief,
Und würden wir von ihr vertroffen,
Ich wär' gleich auf der Stelle todt!"

"Marguerite would never have said that, Gretchen might," said my friend fearlessly. And with all my admiration for the poem, I agree with her. The surrender is too formal.

THE *Tablet* states that the expenses of the defendants in the Saurin v. Starr and Kennedy case will amount to £6,000, and if they are not successful in their appeal to the judges in banco, they will also be liable for the costs of the plaintiff. It is also rumoured that the Marquis of Bute is to be the paymaster. If his lordship really performs all the liberal acts which devout Catholics and angry Evangelicals say he intends

to do, his private cash account will be almost as interesting a volume as the betting-book of the late Marquis of Hastings.

WE learn by telegram that Sir Richard Temple delivered his financial statement in the Indian Legislative Council at Calcutta, on Monday. The completed accounts for the year 1867-68 show a deficit of £1,610,517. The regular estimate for 1868-69 shows a deficit of £2,801,244. The Budget estimate for 1869-70 shows a surplus of £52,650. The extraordinary expenditure proposed during the year 1869-70 amounts to £3,655,000 upon productive works—comprising £2,705,000 for irrigation, including the amount paid for the purchase of the Orissa Company's undertaking, and £180,000 as a special fund for works in Bombay. An income-tax of 1 per cent is proposed, which is calculated to yield £900,000. The total amount of loans to be negotiated is £5,000,000, including £3,500,000 new debt, £1,000,000 in renewal of old debt, and £500,000 to meet possible temporary deficiencies. The customs and salt duties are not changed, and no part of the opium revenue is reserved.

WE really ought to take lessons in practical joking from our amiable neighbours on the other side of the Channel. Our boisterous young lions of the Stock Exchange might read the following, communicated by the French correspondent of the *Star*, with profit:—

"A propos of the Princess Metternich, I must not omit to mention that her birthday was celebrated by a grand dinner given by the Count and Countess Pourtales. As her carriage drove up to the Pourtales mansion, Rue Trombet, a footman in the livery of the family advanced to the door of her carriage, and followed her into the hall, entering into conversation with her as she ascended the staircase. The Princess, fancying he was either slightly drunk or mad, thought it better to pay no attention, and naturally made him no reply. As she was ushered by a groom of the chambers into the Countess's drawing-rooms, the impertinent Jeames vanished. Before she had time to recover her surprise dinner was announced. As she took her seat on the right of her host, she perceived to her utter amazement the identical lacquey who had almost frightened her coolly taking a chair by her side. The Princess turned to the Count for an explanation; he, however, was preoccupied, as the Irish say, by accident on purpose, and he was engaged in speaking to the lady on his left. The Princess looked round once more to ascertain if her eyes had not deceived her, and suddenly recognized the features of one of her oldest friends, the Count de l'Aigle, well known to all who have hunted with the Imperial staghounds at Compiègne, in the disguise of a footman. This practical joke excited a merry laugh."

AN Englishman's notion of a practical joke is of a somewhat rougher character and is not always accepted so good humouredly as the following, which we give on the authority of the *Asiatic*:—

"A practical joke was played by the Commandant of the Island of Perim in the Red Sea, last Christmas-day, on the captain of the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamer *Carnatic*. Signals of distress were exhibited on the island, and as soon as the steamer had been arrested in her course—much to the alarm of the passengers, who were at dinner—the officer on shore telegraphed that the garrison had nothing to eat. The captain did what all captains of British vessels always are ready to do—viz., ordered a boat to be lowered, told off an officer and men, and commenced to load her with a bountiful supply of provisions, including the half of the passengers' plum-pudding, which was quite a triumph of culinary art. But as soon as the officer ashore saw that the boat was being lowered, he signalled 'go ahead,' and the captain good-naturedly laughed at the gallant gentleman's pleasantry, and proceeded on the voyage towards Aden, at the same time remarking that the garrison had better be careful not to cry 'wolf' too often."

THE subscribers to the Galleon Treasure Venture, Limited, must have felt rather uneasy at some paragraphs and letters which have appeared in the papers. "G. M.'s" letter to the *Times*, however, has put them out of their misery. According to that writer, the history of the treasure which was obtained from an old Spanish gentleman is as follows:—"The galleon fleet arrived at Vigo Bay from South America late in the evening, having been chased to the mouth of the harbour by an English fleet, which did not venture in till next day. In the mean time, the Spaniards had landed during the night all the valuable treasure, and conveyed it, by mules, carts, and men, into the country to a place called Orense, forty miles from Vigo, on the road to Madrid; that the enemy came in next day, and, finding the vessels abandoned and discharged, sunk and destroyed them." The archives of Orense prove the truth of this statement, and give the date of the safe arrival of all the galleons' treasure there on its way to Madrid.

WHAT may not inappropriately be termed the national balance-sheet for 1868 has been published, from which it appears that the public income of the United Kingdom in the year 1868 amounted, as was stated on New Year's Day, to £71,860,677, but the public expenditure now stated exceeded this large amount. The interest of the debt amounted to £26,611,700; the charge for the army was £13,775,679, for the navy £11,701,873, and for the Abyssinian expedition £5,000,000; the expenditure for civil Government amounted to £10,573,552; the cost of collection of the Customs and Inland Revenue was £2,574,954, and the salaries and expenses of the Post Office £2,431,004, besides £988,518 for the packet service. The total ordinary expenditure of the year 1868 was, therefore, £73,657,280, or £1,796,602 more than the income of the year. There was also an expenditure of £425,000 on fortifications, which, strictly speaking, makes the deficiency of the year £2,221,602; but this £425,000 is not a charge upon the year's income, but was raised by the creation of £33,498 terminable annuities (1885) which will appear from time to time as part of the annual charge for the debt.

THE "gentleman poacher," of whom we wrote some time since, is proceeding to lengths which none but the most amiable of neighbours can quietly submit to. The most recent case informs us of one whose greyhounds by the merest accident in the world coursed a hare belonging to the Duke of Hamilton, and killed it before "Fred could get out of the trap and get the dogs off." The gentleman to whom this misfortune happened showed his regret at having killed his Grace's hare by putting the game in the vehicle, observing to his companion, "It is no use leaving the hare there; it will not be seen in the rye, and will only be spoiled." The magistrates appeared to have entertained no friendly feeling towards the gentleman poacher, as they fined him and his companion fifty shillings each, with costs. This would be a caution to ordinary people, but gentlemen poachers have souls above such, and will look upon the case as a cruel wrong done to one whose intention was clearly to give up the hare, and apologize to the Duke for the mishap.

CAN nothing be done to exterminate that detestable nuisance the Cockney sportsman? Though spring is scarcely here, the horrid creature has already made his appearance, exhibiting his usual indifference to the public safety. Only last Sunday a gentleman counted from a railway carriage thirteen separate shooting parties along one side of the Great Eastern Railway, between Stratford and Tottenham stations alone. One shot was fired from the railway at a robin perched on the telegraph wire,—a fine sitting shot, and one the difficulty of which would readily fire the ambition of a Cockney with a gun. May we ask Colonel Henderson to watch the movements of this pernicious animal with a view to control his unpleasant vagaries?

A MAJORITY of the trustees of a church at St. Helier's, Jersey, having, with some opposition, appointed an incumbent, that gentleman was inducted into his office one day last week with the usual formalities. Upon the conclusion of the services a scene was enacted which took the congregation by surprise, and which, as it introduces a very old and curious custom, we give the particulars in detail. Mr. Clark, one of the trustees of the church, and who is also one of the minority who were opposed to the appointment which had been made, left his seat, and, entering one of the aisles and kneeling down, in the hearing and sight of the congregation, raised what is known in Jersey judicature as the *Clameur de Haro*. This is a form which dates as far back as the time of Rollo, a Norman leader, who occupied a portion of Normandy about 836. It is used on occasions of encroachment or invasion of property of any kind, and requires instant cessation on the part of the aggressor, under penalty of a heavy fine. The aggrieved party, kneeling, cries out, as did Mr. Clark on this occasion, "Haro, Haro, à mon aide, mon prince! On m'a fait tort!" The effect upon the congregation may be better imagined than described. Those who were unaware of the nature of the *clameur* were in a state of the greatest surprise and astonishment. The proceedings, however, were not stayed, and Mr. Clark and his friends left the church, with the intention, it was said, of at once instituting the usual legal proceedings which follow the raising of the *clameur*.

THERE will be weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth in Whitechapel, if not in more aristocratic quarters,

when it becomes known that an association has been formed called the Havannah Cigar Brands Association, for protecting the cigar manufacturers of Havannah, and the importers and dealers in this country, against fraudulent and colourable imitations of brands, labels, and trade-marks. Such an association has long been needed, and we shall be glad to hear that the objects for which it is established are being actively carried out. If it does no more than rid our clubs of the abominations now sold under the name of Havannah cigars, which the younger members are privileged to buy, at fabulously high prices, for the express purpose of injuring their own health and assisting to poison their friends, it will accomplish a good work.

THE *South London Press* tells us of the last new fashion in "cadging," which has hitherto been found profitable by those who adopt it. The arrangement consists of dressing the collector up as a swell of the first water to appear in the character of a philanthropist on behalf of starving children whom the appellant professes to have met for the first time on that occasion, and for whom he is moved in pity to act as proxy. The writer does not tell us how much extra commission this well-dressed representative of the benevolent society receives on his collection, or whether his clothes are provided for him. We may expect shortly to see among the advertisements in the *Record* the announcement of some sharp tailor—"A collector's suit, eminently evangelical, complete for three guineas."

"It would seem to us," says the *Medical Press and Circular*, "that obscene quackery is an evil the remedy of which ought not to be thrown upon any individual, and which may be properly taken in hand by philanthropic persons. The task of absolutely stamping out the obscene quacks is no difficult one, if it be met by efficient means. The cases for prosecution are innumerable; the evidence is always at hand, and of the most conclusive description; the defence has always proved to be weak, and could not be otherwise; and if the *mauvaise honte* which a solitary victim feels were sunk in the action of a committee of philanthropic men, the complete extirpation of this system of swindling would inevitably follow. We shall yet hope to see an association for the repression of quackery, mentally and morally strong, devoting themselves to this work; and, with the understanding that its organization be not open to the suspicion of professional self interest, we shall hope to be allowed to co-operate in the movement." This is a just view to take of the proper action to be raised against a crying evil, and one which we gladly endorse. It is a matter of some surprise that the medical journals have not taken earlier notice of this subject. They might certainly have expected to receive public support.

CONSOLS are now at 92½ to 92¾ for money, and 92¾ to 93 for the account. In the railway market the business has been very dull. Foreign securities have generally declined in price, and only a small business has been transacted. Colonial Government securities remain unchanged. Bank shares have been inactive. Financial shares have been affected by the general dullness. The dividend court of proprietors of the Bank of England is convened for the 18th inst. On the 13th of April there will be another general court for the election of a governor and deputy-governor for the year ensuing, and on the 14th of April for the election of twenty-four directors. The first drawing of bonds of the New Zealand Government Consolidated Five per Cent. Loan is to take place at the offices of the Crown Agents for the Colonies on the 25th inst. The bonds will be payable on the 15th of April. Messrs. Bischoffsheim & Goldschmidt have announced a 4 per cent. loan of £135,000 for the Commissioners of the Sulina Navigation Works at the mouth of the Danube, guaranteed jointly and severally by France, England, Italy, Prussia, and Turkey, and redeemable by sinking fund between the 1st of January, 1871, and the 31st of December, 1882. The issuing price is to be 100½, which, reckoning accrued interest from the 1st of January, will be equal to par. The following relates to the New Granada Debt:—"Messrs. Baring Brothers & Co. have received by this mail the following remittances on account of New Granada dividends:—From Custom-house, Savanilla, £220; from Custom-house, Carthagena, £573. 2s. 5d.; from Bogota, £9,607. 2s. 8d.; total, £10,400. 5s. 1d. In addition there are \$2,005 retained at Santa Martha for future remittance."

It appears from the abstract of accounts of the New River Company for the past year that the receipts have been—from

water-rents, rents for houses, trades, watering streets, and water sold in bulk, £244,940. 14s. 1d.; ground-rents and rents for land, &c., £11,057. 7s. 1d.; miscellaneous receipts, £5,824. 19s. 5d.; appropriation from money raised on bonds, &c., for new works, extensions, &c., £30,689. 18s. 9d.; total, £292,512. 19s. 4d. The expenditure—ordinary expenses of repair and maintaining the works and collection of revenue, £119,472. 13s. 2d.; interest on money borrowed, £41,193. 1s. 4d.; dividends to proprietors, £100,621. 7s. 5d.; amount carried to next account, £535. 18s. 8d.; purchase of lands and new works, improvements on river, pipes, pipe-laying, and other outlay, £30,689. 18s. 9d.; total, £292,512. 19s. 4d. The Corporation of the City of Hamilton, Canada, have forwarded to the City Bank the usual remittance for the coupons, maturing the 1st of April, on their sterling debentures. These bonds are of two classes, the Waterworks and Ordinary, bearing interest at 4½ per cent. and 4 per cent. respectively, increasing to 6 per cent. In 1861 the coupons on the original 6 per cent. debentures of the Corporation became unpaid and so remained until 1864, when an Act of Parliament capitalized the old bonds and the accrued interest, and created the existing issue, from the date of which arrangement the coupons have been punctually met. The report of the directors of the Equity and Law Life Assurance Society, presented at the annual meeting, stated the amount of new insurances at £356,833. The new premiums of the year amounted to £11,318. 6s. 11d., being in excess of those of any former year. The total premium income of the year was £92,638. 16s. 5d. The outgoings of every description were £65,332. 0s. 1d., so that the increase of the assets during the year was £67,952. 5s. At the annual meeting of the Commercial Union Assurance Company a dividend and bonus amounting to 7½ per cent. were declared for the past year. The accounts of the Mauritius Land, Credit, and Agency Company (Limited), to be submitted at the general meeting on the 17th inst., show a balance of £1,338 as "available after providing for all current expenses chargeable against the half-year, and setting aside £250 on account of reserve and £500 in reduction of preliminary expenses." An extraordinary meeting of the Trinidad Petroleum Company (Limited), in liquidation, is called for the 18th inst., "for the purpose of considering, with a view to its adoption, a proposed arrangement for the settlement of the questions that have arisen with respect to the Silvertown property, by purchase or otherwise, and for other business."

THE report of Bolckow, Vaughan, & Co. (Limited), to be presented on the 17th inst. at Middlesbrough, shows an available total of £104,052, including a previous balance of £1,114, and recommends a dividend at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum (which will absorb £75,000), and the appropriation of £25,000 to reserve, leaving £4,052 to be carried forward. At the meeting of the Mediterranean Extension Telegraph Company the directors were authorized to carry to the reserve fund the net earnings of the undertaking up to the 31st of December next, after payment of the usual interest on the preference shares, with a view to a duplicate cable being laid down between Sicily and Malta. At the meeting of the Lynn and Hunstanton Railway Company a dividend was recommended on the share capital at the rate of 9 per cent. per annum. The Birmingham Small Arms Company have declared an interim dividend at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum for the half-year ending 31st December last. The directors of the Alhambra recommend in their report that a dividend at the rate of 25 per cent. per annum be declared and made payable on Monday the 15th inst. The transfer books of the Anglo-Mediterranean Telegraph Company will be closed from the 17th to the 20th inst., preparatory to the payment of an interim dividend of 4s. per share, free of income-tax, on account of profits for the three months ending the 15th inst. The general meeting of the Société Générale de l'Empire Ottoman will be held on the 13th of May at Constantinople, "to receive and approve the accounts of the fourth working year ending the 31st December, 1868, to hear the report of the Council of Administration, and to fix the dividend." The half-yearly meeting of the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada is convened for the 8th of April, "for the purpose of receiving a report from the directors and for the transaction of the other business of the company." The meeting will then be made special, for the purpose of considering and confirming an agreement with the Buffalo and Lake Huron Railway Company.

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH, the well-known composer, is to have a monument erected at Eisenach, his native city, a public subscription having been just opened in Germany for this object.

MEMORANDA.

MR. HENRY LESLIE'S Concert next Thursday will be entirely devoted to sacred music, with Miss Edith Wynne and Mr. Sims Reeves as soloists. The programme will include an unknown "Magnificat" for double choir by Luca Marenzio, a "Kyrie" by Leonardo Leo, Mendelssohn's psalm for double choir, "Why rage fiercely the heathen"; a new "Ave Maria" by Mr. John Barnett (composer of "The Mountain Sylph," "Fair Rosamond," and "Farinelli"); the unaccompanied quartet from Professor Sterndale Bennett's "Woman of Samaria"; and last, not least, Schubert's setting, for women's voices, of the 23rd Psalm, "The Lord is my shepherd."

The last subscription concert of the present series of the Monday Popular Concerts will take place on Monday evening next, and will be for the benefit of Madame Arabella Goddard. The programme is unusually attractive.

The National Choral Society will give, under the direction of Mr. J. W. Martin, the usual Passion Week performance of "The Messiah," on Thursday, the 22nd inst. Mr. Sims Reeves is engaged in conjunction with Mr. Lander, the new bass, and Miss Arabella Smyth, the new soprano, who will make their first appearance in this oratorio, Miss Palmer taking the contralto part.

Miss Fanny Josephs, the lessee of the Holborn Theatre, announces her benefit for Saturday, the 27th instant. Miss Josephs promises a special entertainment for that evening, and as a compliment to the spirited manner in which she has managed the theatre we hope she will meet with the support she deserves.

After all the rumours to which the public have been treated, the two operas, it appears, are not to be amalgamated, the arrangement for that object having broken down. At this we can only express our satisfaction. We never looked favourably upon the scheme, and shall be only too happy to know that the last rumour is founded on fact. There is a whisper which tells of Mr. Costa's secession from the Royal Italian Opera, and the transfer of his services to Mr. Mapleson, but this we decline to believe for the present.

The management of the Prince of Wales's Theatre gave a special morning performance of Mr. Robertson's successful comedy of "School" last Saturday morning. The experiment was entirely a new one for this house, but from its unmistakable success it will doubtless be repeated. There appears to be no special reason why pantomimes should be the only theatrical representations suited to morning performances, and residents in the suburban and country districts round London, to judge from last Saturday's crowded audience at the Prince of Wales's, are likely to support the movement made on their behalf. It was pleasant to notice a good number of the members of the dramatic profession present on the occasion, and it would have done a cynic good to have witnessed the hearty applause with which they specially greeted the labours of the excellent company over whom Miss Marie Wilton presides.

The artistes and employes of the Theatre Royal Covent Garden, after the performances on Saturday last, presented Mr. A. Harris, the manager, with a very handsome testimonial, as a slight token of their high appreciation of that gentleman's kindness during the many years he has been connected with the establishment. The testimonial consists of a magnificent centre-piece in silver, made by Benson, of 25, Old Bond-street, in which a central stem, beautifully modelled and chased, supports a richly-engraved and cut-glass fruit-dish, and above this a vase for flowers. The base on either side is surmounted by a semi-nude female figure, in a graceful recumbent position, and the whole is mounted on a carved and polished ebony stand, bearing a silver plate with appropriate inscription.

It is understood that Mr. Barry Sullivan, the popular tragedian, has taken the Holborn Theatre, with the intention of producing the plays of Shakespeare and other plays of the legitimate school in the best style. At the same time every drama of sterling worth, and not dependent upon "sensational effects," will be eligible for representation at the Holborn Theatre, which will be opened under Mr. Sullivan's management about the 1st of May.

Mr. and Mrs. German Reed announce an entirely new entertainment to be produced for the first time on Easter Monday, March 29, at the Royal Gallery of Illustration, written by W. S. Gilbert.

An original drama by Mr. Wilkie Collins and Mr. Fechter is in preparation at the Adelphi Theatre, in which the latter gentleman will make his reappearance.

The following profuse, and even extravagant, bill of fare for an evening's entertainment at a theatre is copied verbatim from a daily paper:—

"BRITANNIA.—This Evening, the real Siamese Twins (Chang and Eng) from the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, with the Circassian Lady and the Nova Scotian Giantess.—The American Gorillæ.—And the usual Dramatic Entertainments."

The last clause—"And the usual dramatic entertainments"—is almost too much.

The Vicomte and Vicomtesse Vigier (Cruvelli), who are residing at Nice, have been entertaining their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Prussia to a concert. The programme consisted of the grand scena and duo of "Nebuchadnezzar," "Dichter liebe," "Sie ist dein," and "Am Meer," of Schubert; "Die Traue," of Kücken; Broga's serenade, with violoncello accompaniment; and the grand duo of "Rigoletto." The *Figaro* says that Madame Cruvelli sang Schubert's "Am Meer" in German, and the effect

upon the Princess was so great that, as the last note died away, she rose and expressed to the Viscountess her great admiration for the performance. The concert concluded with the national hymn of Prussia.

St. Petersburg is a very El Dorado to stars of the opera and ballet. The last instance of the prodigal liberality of the Russians to their favourite of the hour is recorded on Tuesday last, when Mdle. Petitpas, the famous Russian ballet-dancer, appeared for the last time before an admiring public in the "Fille du Pharaon." The Emperor and his son, the Grand Duke Vladimir, were present. The theatre was very crowded. On the conclusion of the sword dance, which, we are told by the correspondent of the *Daily News*, the lady performed with her usual inimitable grace, she was presented with a laurel wreath and a jewel-case containing a very handsome medallion set in diamonds. When the ballet was over, the public, still loth to part with their favourite, remained to a very late hour cheering the graceful danseuse, and calling her forward repeatedly.

Abbé Liszt has been offered the post of director of the celebrated Musical Conservatorium in Leipsic. He is said not to be disinclined to accept the invitation if the institution in question can be removed to Weimar, in which town he intends to pass the remainder of his life, though he will revisit Rome next summer and make a lengthened stay there.

Hector Berlioz, the celebrated French composer is dead. He was for many years the musical critic for the *Débats*. His numerous works have been variously estimated. Paginini, who thought him equal to Beethoven, once made him a present of 20,000*fr.*

The Civil Tribunal of the Seine has just given judgment in a suit brought by M. Letellier, of Brussels, against Mdme. Carvalho, the singer. The plaintiff, who is the manager of the principal theatre at Brussels, had engaged the defendant, but she suddenly declined to fulfil her engagement, alleging that as an epidemic disease was raging in the Belgian capital her life would be endangered. The court has now declared the plea to be insufficient, and decided that she must go there within a fortnight, under penalty of paying 600*fr.* a day; it reserves M. Letellier's right to recover further damages, and grants him 1,000*fr.* for the injury which he has already sustained. Mdme. Carvalho's non-fulfilment of her engagement had a better show of reason for it than the causes generally assigned for the frequent absence of some of our distinguished singers.

We are to have some more new theatres in London. A scheme is afoot for converting the Polygraphic Hall into a theatre for the performance of Opera Bouffe. The erection of a new theatre on a site in Piccadilly is also contemplated. Besides these houses, others are, according to report, to be erected at Kensington and in various suburban districts.

A bust of Mr. G. V. Brooke, tragedian, has been presented to the Melbourne public library by the members of the newspaper press. It was executed in London by Mr. C. Summers, at a cost of £200.

The Russian journals announce the burning down of the theatre at Nijni-Novgorod, after a performance in which Bengal-lights had been used, which, the supposition is, set the scenery in flames. The fire brigade were slow in arriving, and not very energetic in their exertions. Nothing but the bare walls remain, the damage being calculated at 100,000 roubles (4*fr.* each).

We read of a supper that Alexandre Dumas has given at the Grand Hotel to the artistes who had brought the "Dame de Monsoreau" to its 100th representation. The Lady of Monsoreau sat upon Monte Christo's right, and enlivened the *petit souper* by her lively repartees. Mdle. Léonide Leblanc will only play for the first ten nights in Sardou's "Patrie" at the Porte-Saint-Martin, as she is engaged in London during the season.

We learn with sincere pleasure that Mr. W. Hepworth Dixon has been placed by the Lord Chancellor on the commission of the peace for the county of Middlesex and the city and liberties of Westminster, on the proposal of the Duke of Wellington.

The death of Sir J. Emerson-Tennent, Bart., is announced. He was the son of William Emerson, Esq., of Belfast, and was born in 1804. He took the name of Tennent upon his marriage; graduated LL.D. at Trinity College, Dublin, and was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1831. He was one of the joint-secretaries to the Board of Trade, and had been Secretary to the India Board and the Poor-law Board, and Civil Secretary to the Colonial Government of Ceylon. He sat in Parliament, in the Conservative interest, for Belfast, and afterwards for Lisburn. Of his best-known writings we may mention "Travels in Belgium," published in 1841; "History of Modern Greece," in 1848; an "Account of Ceylon—Physical, Historical, and Topographical," and "Progress of Christianity in Ceylon," in 1850. "Sketches of the Natural History of Ceylon" in 1861.

A suggestion has been made to *Fun* to raise a fund for the establishment of a Lilliput bed at the Children's Hospital. The idea is excellent, and we should very much like to see it carried out. It would be a graceful tribute to the amiable author of "Lilliput Levee" and the "Lilliput Lectures," and one which could not fail to be appreciated by a writer whose gifted and valuable pen has been so frequently used on behalf of the little ones.

A new journal has made its appearance in Paris, entitled *Journal des Femmes*, which proposes to instruct the fair sex in politics, science, and art, and to raise generally their social condition.

The annual general meeting of the Printers' Pension Corporation took place on Monday at the London Tavern, Mr. W. Rivington

in the chair. The report, which was adopted, stated that there were eighty-one pensioners (twenty-six males and fifty-five females) on the fund. The amount paid to pensioners during the past year had been £1,023, being nearly £100 above the average sum for the last five years. During the past year the sum of £110 had been received as a subscription from Mr. Mull, of the *Times of India*. A bequest of £2,000 had also been left by Mr. F. Craven (Virtue & Co.), subject to a life-interest, for the foundation of a Craven pension. The last annual festival, presided over by Dean Stanley, had produced the sum of £537. The late Mr. Henry Wright, of Kingston-upon-Hull, had left a legacy of £2,032 to the Almshouse Fund. Resolutions were adopted, sanctioning the handing over of the funds and management of the Almshouse Society and the Orphan Asylum respectively to the "Printers' Pension, Almshouse, and Orphan Corporation," and incorporating them with that body.

At the annual meeting of the Royal Literary Fund on Wednesday, Earl Stanhope in the chair, it was stated that the grants last year amounted to £1,356, while the receipts were £3,026. The permanent fund is now £27,000, producing a yearly dividend of £810. Lord Stanley has consented to take the chair at the annual dinner in May next.

Mr. Percy Fitzgerald is engaged upon a new story for the *Gentleman's Magazine*. Some interesting unpublished letters of Sir Walter Scott have come to light, as well as letters to the poet from Sophia Lockhart, which are to appear in this same periodical.

Berryer's literary and art collection will be sold by auction next week at the Hôtel Drouot. Among the "lots" may be mentioned a reduction of Canova's Venus Nudique, by Bartolini; a Voltaire, by Houdon; a Pastel, by Boucher; the Statuette of Demosthenes, presented by M. de Montalembert; a Portrait of Charles X., presented by Horace Vernet; thirteen volumes of the Historical Galleries of Versailles, presented by Queen Marie Amelie, books rare and curious, from their bindings as well as from their editions; Political Pamphlets, collected, and in many instances renovated, by their late possessor; the unrivalled edition of Bossuet's Funeral Orations, presented by the typographic workmen of Paris; and a valuable collection of prints.

Mr. S. R. Townshend Mayer, the Honorary Secretary of the Leigh Hunt Memorial, has written to the daily papers to say that a sufficient sum has been subscribed for the monument, about £200 being in the hands of Messrs. Ransome, Bouverie, & Co. Among the second list of donors are to be found the names of Alfred Tennyson, Robert Browning, Dr. Russell, and W. M. Rossetti.

According to the authority of the *Court Journal*, Mr. Tennyson "has again refused an offer of a peerage."

The Holbein Society, under the presidency of Sir W. Stirling-Maxwell, Bart., will produce as its first volume, on the 1st May next, "The Dance of Death," by Holbein. The first issue is limited to 500 copies, the photographic transfers being destroyed after the printing of each sheet.

M. Paul Féval, the popular French novelist, has been made an officer of the Legion of Honour.

Henry Ward Beecher is very seriously ill. His physicians say he has injured himself by being overworked, and have ordered him rest and a long stay abroad to recruit his health. How will this affect the value of the sittings in his church?

The Archaeological Society of Rome is to be congratulated upon a new find. Baron Visconti has just discovered at Ostia a colossal head of Vespasian, and one of Trajan of the natural size. Both are in good preservation, and appear to have been buried by the friends of those princes to save them from the mutilations of statues of the Caesars that frequently took place after their downfall. An immense portico has also been excavated, which is supposed to have formed an entrance to the old plain of Cybele, outside the walls of Ostia. As the society continues its researches other relics may be expected.

At the recent sale of the library of the late Rev. W. Moore Brabazon, at Messrs. Puttick & Simpson's, Leicester-square, the following curious books were disposed of:—Lot 93, D'Urfey's "Pills to Purge Melancholy," six vols., uncut, sold for £42; another copy in the last day's sale, in the ordinary state, produced £10. 5s. only. Lot 310, "Common Prayer," printed by Jugge & Cawood in 1559, being the first edition in Elizabeth's reign, although not quite perfect, sold for £43.

A writer in the *Philadelphia Press* denies the truth of the widely-circulated statement that no stone marks the grave of William Penn in England. He has a photograph of Jordan's Meeting-house, with the adjoining graveyard. One stone bears the name of William Penn, which is very plain even in the photograph.

We learn from *Scientific Opinion* that the Chemical Society have made arrangements for a lecture to be delivered in London by M. Dumas, one of the greatest of living chemists. The lecture will be delivered in French, and due notice will be given to the scientific world of the day fixed for its delivery.

The subject for discussion at the next meeting of the Institution of Civil Engineers on Tuesday, March 16th, will be "American Locomotives and Rolling Stock."

Mr. W. Davison will read a paper, "On the Trade and Commerce of Japan," at the next meeting of the Society of Arts on the 17th inst.

The Anthropological Society of London will hold its next meeting on Tuesday, March 16, at eight o'clock precisely, when the following papers will be read:—"The Alleged Influence of Race on Religion," by L. P. Pike, Esq., and "On the Character of the Negro," by Dr. Davy, F.R.S.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

LABOUR.*

THIS book might not inaptly be described as a sort of prose epic on the subject of labour. In fact, after pushing bravely over wild moors, through prickly forests, across turbid rivers, along mountain-tracks, and tossing amid surging seas of discussion, the author, unable any longer to restrain the prophetic impulses of his nature, snatches up the lyre, and breaks into an authentic torrent of song, in which he foretells, under the figure of "Labour's Utopia," what the world shall be, when the years of human suffering, and competition, and antagonism, and trade-unions, and co-operative endeavours, shall have fulfilled their purpose, and passed away. Able and resolute from beginning to end, the book is one of the useful and inspiring kind. It is a full and patient historical review of the labour question, in which, if the author sees much to deplore and something almost to fear, he yet finds solid ground for hope. The reader accompanies the writer over the ground he traverses with comparative confidence, in spite of considerable speculative sauntering and verbal doubling; yet when he arrives at the conclusion of the journey, the poem in which the final vision is revealed, comes upon him with something like a shock of surprise. Surely it is altogether an unusual thing to see a writer on such subjects as labour, capital, trade-unions, and co-operative stores, ending a long treatise with a song. It is as if John Stuart Mill had finished off his *Political Economy* with a triumphal ode prefiguring the universal acceptance of his philosophical system. A very harmless thing, truly, the poem is, but its presence in the volume at all seems nevertheless a blunder. We much fear that the innocent versicles will detract somewhat from the trustworthiness of the author's opinions in the eyes of certain students of the grave and gray order; and so far as they do, this one touch of poetical vanity will amount to an act of self-injury. For Mr. Thornton's chapters form an agreeable and substantial contribution to the literature of the subject, although it is hardly to be expected that all his positions will be allowed to pass unchallenged. Possessing a large and lively sympathy with British workmen, he naturally takes a friendly view of their struggles to better their condition, as well as of their future prospects. But while sympathetic and eager to make out the best possible case for his friends, Mr. Thornton never does so at the expense of truth or justice. He is one of those moral physicians who plainly perceive that the most humane as well as the most wholesome treatment must sometimes involve a bit of merciless surgery. The roots of evils lying deep must be cut into without compunction. So Mr. Thornton tells in most unambiguous language what the workers of this country have been and done; what they are and are doing; and what they ought neither to be nor to do. They have suffered much, if they have sinned much; and if they have based their trade unions and associations on the purely selfish principle, their conduct may be accounted for, if not excused, by the example of their betters, who, with more light and refinement, have done precisely the same thing in the foundation and conduct of their business. When self alone rules the roast, the devil turns the spit, and hence the feast is often a scramble and a guzzle, rather than a Christian meal. Of course, the nightmares and terrors of indigestion, or the pangs of self-produced and prolonged hunger, the counterpart of gorging, suggest and teach reflection. Strikes are not always triumphs, any more than lock-outs. Both may be—both have been—successful; but their glory is often burned up or tarnished by fiery or prostrating reaction. Yet the power of the workman, embodied in organization, is growing. By sheer manifestation of power, he can prevent much and compel much. By reflection, too, he sees that he can, and may as well, share in the direct profits of things; so he and his mates enter into business on their own account, either on the principles of co-operation or on a basis of industrial partnership. These schemes are operating successfully where they have been carefully introduced; and there seems no reason why the new idea should not be so applied and developed as to offer to the busy bees of the population the only safe solution of the labour problem, the misunderstanding of which has so long afflicted and oppressed them. What is good for master, must be good for man—if he can do it. He has done it, and that successfully; why should it not be done universally? One method of destroying or preventing wasteful combination among workmen is for the masters to combine with the men, to whom shall be given such an interest in the business carried on as shall

* On Labour: its Wrongful Claims and Rightful Dues; its actual Present and possible Future. By William Thomas Thornton, Author of "A Plea for Peasant Proprietors," &c. London: Macmillan.

insure from them both the very best skill and the greatest amount of work. This, also, has been tried successfully, and presents one of the most pleasing of the tentative solutions of the labour struggle which we have seen.

Mr. Thornton goes over the whole ground which we have thus barely indicated, and fills in the various sections of it with innumerable facts, details, and speculations. With an introductory chapter on labour's causes of discontent, he then exhibits labour and capital in debate, discussing, under this head, such subjects as supply and demand, and their influence on price and wages; the claims of labour, and its rights; the rights of capital; and the origin of trade-unions. The next division of the work shows labour and capital in antagonism, which gives the writer the opportunity of pointing out minutely and fearlessly the ends, ways and means, efficacy, and good and evil of trade-unions; and the book concludes with a hopeful picture of labour and capital in alliance, the details of which refer to industrial partnership and the co-operative system—the final item of the book being the poem on "Labour's Utopia," to which we have already referred. While the whole work contains debateable matter, philosophers and political economists will, perhaps, most eagerly scan the chapter on supply and demand, and their influence on price and wages, in the discussion of which Mr. Thornton suggests emendations upon several commonly accepted definitions. He declines, for instance, to accept the prevailing doctrine that supply and demand determine price. Mr. Thornton has great power of amplification, but sometimes his definitions are put with exceeding terseness. Thus, "as supply is the quantity of a commodity offered for immediate sale at a particular price, so demand is the quantity demanded at the price at which the commodity is offered for sale." But if supply and demand do not determine price, what does? His answer is, competition:—

"Actual or present supply and demand do not affect price at all, except in so far as they form part of prospective supply and demand or except when their limits and those of the latter coincide, as they do when there is no apparent chance of any increase of present supply and demand. Nor do even prospective supply and demand affect price, except indirectly, and by their influence on competition, which, and which alone, is the immediate arbiter of price. Neither is competition affected by them in any uniform or regular manner. Competition does, indeed, always depend upon the estimate of probable supply and demand formed by those dealers who rate lowest the probable proportion of demand to supply, or who from any other cause are disposed to sell cheaply; but the estimate of the dealers need not be always the same in the same circumstances, for the probabilities of supply and demand may be very differently estimated at different times or by different people, and the same estimates may affect different dealers differently. Thus it is, and in no more definite manner, that wherever and whenever competition exists, prospective supply and demand affect the competition which determines price. Where competition does not exist, where a monopoly of trade is exercised by a single dealer or by a combination of dealers, the case is no doubt materially altered. Prospective supply and demand then become of almost paramount authority, and may be not improperly said directly to influence and even to determine price; for the price at which a monopolist sells may always be presumed to be the highest at which, judging from his estimate of the probabilities of supply and demand, he expects to be able to sell either the whole of his goods, or as much as he has resolved to sell. Provided, then, that different monopolists at different times estimate these probabilities alike, they will no doubt charge the same prices."

Then, as to wages, it may be said with something like perfect accuracy that labour is determined by the same general cause as the price of any other saleable commodity. Unlike the price of any other commodity, however, that of labour is generally determined not by the competition of the dealers, but by that of the customers:—

"Thus, in a normal state of things—in a state, that is, in which labourers are too poor to combine (and throughout the world's history, poverty has hitherto been, in most times, and in most places, the normal condition of labour), the price of labour is determined not by supply and demand, which never determined the price of anything, nor yet generally by competition, which generally determines the price of everything else, but by combination among the masters. Competition in a small minority of cases, combination in a great majority, have appeared to be normally the determining causes of the rate of wages or price of labour."

A great deal of nonsense has been talked about the claims and rights of labour. On this subject Mr. Thornton employs commendable plainness of speech, as, for instance, when he says that—

"Society is guilty of no injustice in neglecting to provide employment and subsistence for those whose services it does not need; that, in short, the right of the poor to live by labour, in the sense in which the phrase is commonly used and in the only sense in which it has any practical meaning—in a sense, that is, of a right against the rich—is an utterly baseless proposition. . . .

"So far as I can discover, labour has no rights special or peculiar to itself. The rights of labour, as I apprehend them, are all such, and

none other than such, as belong equally to every other interest with which society is concerned. In common with and to precisely the same extent as every other interest, labour is entitled to inviolability of person and property, and to the punctual fulfilment of contracts entered into with it, and to nothing else whatever. These three particulars appear to me to make up the sum total of what labour can rightfully exact from society."

In dealing with and defining the rights of capital the writer is equally explicit. We extract one point:—

"Of the joint produce of capital and labour the portion rightfully belonging to the former is whatever share may remain after deduction of the share, whatever it may be, and however large or however small it may be, which the latter has beforehand agreed to accept. That this is so has been argued on two separate pleas:—1. That capital being under no previous obligation to enter into any arrangement with labour at all, is at liberty to reject any arrangement to which she objects, and is entitled to any profit that may accrue to her from any arrangement to which labour and herself mutually agree. 2. That the profit which thus accrues to capital may be fairly regarded as the produce of the labour by which the capital was created and which it represents, and would thus, in the absence of any agreement, belong entirely to capital, for the self-same reason for which unassisted labour is entitled to take as its reward the whole of its own produce."

The chapters on trade-unionism are able, if not quite exhaustive. With all good observers, Mr. Thornton admits that, in spite of enormous defeats and much blundering, trade-unionism has unquestionably succeeded in obtaining many advantages for various sections of the labouring class. Undoubtedly, however, this has been mainly owing to the apathy and negligence of the employers, who could, if they chose to combine among themselves, organize unions of their own, in collision with which those of the men would be broken in pieces. Not improbably, indeed, the masters may ultimately combine among themselves if the men push them to it. If the men can strike, the masters can lock out. Hitherto they have been generally unwilling to do so; and if the men belonging to the various trades which have, by combining, succeeded in raising wages or in shortening the hours of labour, learn to grow wise and moderate, they may not only be able to keep what they have gained, but gain more by the exhibition of only a reasonable firmness. We have not the slightest desire, quite otherwise, of gloating over or of making fun of the folly and occasional wickedness of which unionism has been guilty, but the following case is so wonderfully perfect that it deserves to be quoted:—

"According to the rules of the Glasgow Bricklayers' Association, 7d. an hour being the ordinary wage, overtime is to be paid time-and-half, and Sabbath work as double time, and, in the case of a country job, the fare going and returning, and likewise full wages for the time spent in travelling, are to be paid by the employer. Under these rules, a bricklayersent from Glasgow to Bristol claimed, for not quite nine days spent upon the voyage there and back, £9. 13s. 7½d., exclusive of steamboat fare. The total was reached by charging full wages for all the ordinary working days spent on board, charging all the nights as overtime, and two Sundays as partly double time and partly overtime, and charging in addition 1s. a day for twenty-eight and a quarter days, on account of having been for nine days more than three miles distant from Glasgow-cross, and another shilling for each of the nights of the said nine days. The employer, astonished at the exorbitance of the claim, appealed against it to the union, and had the satisfaction of being laconically assured by the secretary in reply, that the charge was quite reasonable, and would be required to be paid!"

Glasgow has hitherto flourished, and will no doubt continue to flourish, according to the imperative form of her motto; but it must surely have been, as it will be in the future, in spite of the scandalous methods of "birling the bawbee," enforced by its association of bricklayers. The concluding division of this treatise is on labour and capital in alliance, under which head Mr. Thornton gives some interesting and authentic account of the various cases of co-operative effort and industrial partnership which have been successful in France and England. The work is in parts unnecessarily puffed out; but as it is the result of large and sharpened intelligence, used under a broad and living sympathy with the labouring population, it is extremely readable, suggestive and hopeful. Mr. Thornton has unquestionably poured a great deal of light on the subject which he has so much at heart.

TWILIGHT HOURS.*

SOME time ago watchful readers of periodical literature had their attention arrested by the Lieutenant Foozy papers in the *Argosy*. They were overbrimming with a peculiar humour, with simplicity for its basis—humour of the kind which always indicates the presence of delicate genius, with at

* *Twilight Hours. A Legacy of Verse.* By Sarah Williams (Sadie). With a Memoir by E. H. Plumptre, M.A. London: Strahan & Co.

least a vein of poetry in it. At about the same time, however, one saw here and there verses bearing the signature "Sadie," or "S.A.D.I." (both which forms represent, it appears, a baby nickname of the late Miss Williams). It was not possible to form a decided opinion of the poetic capacity of the author of these poems as they appeared, because they were few and far between, and not sufficient to enable the reader to answer the recurring question—Is this writer singing merely under the influence of youthfulness, stimulated by the literary culture of a time in which poetry abounds? or would she, under any circumstances, have been a poet? The volume before us, wisely and tenderly edited by Professor Plumptre, whose classes at Queen's College, Harley-street, this young lady had once attended, assists us to answer the question; and we conclude that the impulse to sing was the strongest of which the author was the subject, and that, if she had lived longer (instead of dying comparatively early after years of pain), she might have taken a distinct and honourable place among the poets of the time.

As it is, the volume is one which will not readily be allowed to pass away; but its value is chiefly autobiographical and psychological. In that respect it is of the very deepest possible interest. It lets us into numerous secrets, which the writer of the poems little thought she was disclosing when, just before her death, she arranged them for publication as they now stand. We discern, for example, the commencing conflict between the pure poetic impulse, and the quasi-didactic-poetic, habit, natural to her under the influences which helped to make her what she was. Very plainly, plainly even to painfulness, do we discern the struggle of the passionate nature, the keen love of enjoyment, the eagerness to experience, which are characteristic of the poet, with the maxim-wisdom which, only half or less than half assimilated, helps to confuse her poetic work. It is impossible decisively to say what the personal experience of Sadie was in particulars which go farther to form the character and inform the whole nature than any others; but there are poems in this volume which read much more like eager rehearsal than experience,—anticipations rather than echoes. Sadie, like Shelley, was eminently a poet who needed, for the perfection of her work, the standpoint of middle age, and she died before she reached it. All that Professor Plumptre, with his usual tenderness of touch, says about her shyness, her apparent absence of mind, her self-distrust, and her willingness to accept guidance, are hints, unmistakable to us, that she was passing through a stage of her life when existence was little more than emotion on the one hand, and interrogation on the other. With few exceptions these poems are questions sung,—questions sung in such a way as abundantly to let out the singer's painful consciousness that some of the very truths she puts into more positive form were as yet only second-hand to her. This consciousness, revealed a hundred times in subtle tremblings of the hand upon the strings, is the note of Sadie's poetry. It cannot be said that she had conquered a manner of her own—it was impossible till she had conquered truth for herself—and the *timbre* of the verse—not its accent and flow, which are original—often suggests Mrs. Browning. As to poetic culture, it is pathetically clear that she felt she was stumbling in the dark—and was a little angry with herself about it. Perhaps a moral and physical transplantation might have given her a more just appreciation of herself. As it is, we have here a rarely beautiful moral nature, associated with fine and tender genius, and but little confidence or firmness of touch exhibited everywhere except, oddly enough, in the occasional criticism of others. Yet here, too, there is to be seen a tendency to start at shadows. Time would have altered this. Experience would have told Sadie how much wider the world was than she as yet knew, and that poetry and maxim-wisdom cannot keep company without one or the other suffering from the contact.

For the benefit of that numerous class of people who have not the remotest idea of the habitual purity and simplicity of the immense majority of women, we quote the following passage, which Professor Plumptre includes among the extracts from Sadie's letters:—

"I find no reason why I should not read Swinburne's Poems; certainly I had little more than an hour, and so perhaps had only time to get the good in them. And of course it is possible that I may have read something very bad without knowing it; in which case it cannot have done me much harm. It is really comical, after entering a book, as one would a fish-market, ready to close eyes and nose, to find oneself in a grand heathen oratorio;—heathen certainly, but, all the more for that, with a deep pathetic truth underlying its despair and unrest."

Like so many poets of our day, Sadie unconsciously began at the wrong or abnormal end of her work. Yet there are a few poems in the book in which speak youth and the simple

sense of natural joy and beauty; and from these we will take one or two, because, as was probable, they happen to be the ones that are the nearest to perfection of form. Here is

"YOUTH AND MAIDENHOOD.

"Like a drop of water is my heart,
Laid upon her soft and rosy palm,
Turned whichever way her hand doth turn,
Trembling in an ecstasy of calm.

Like a broken rose-leaf is my heart,
Held within her close and burning clasp,
Breathing only dying sweetness out,
Withering beneath the fatal grasp.

Like a vapoury cloudlet is my heart
Growing into beauty near the sun,
Gaining rainbow hues in her embrace,
Melting into tears when it is done.

Like mine own dear harp is this my heart,
Dumb, without the hand that sweeps its strings;
Though the hand be careless or be cruel,
When it comes, my heart breaks forth and sings."

And this is charming in its way:—

"Down the mountain came the stream,
Leaping in the glowing beam
From the daylight's brightening gleam,
On the sunny morning.

Crimson foxglove, tall and high,
Bowed as though a king went by;
Heather stood up, proud and shy,
On the sunny morning.

By the streamlet sat we two,
Throned among wild hearts'-ease blue,
While he said, "Dear, I love you."
Oh, the sunny morning!"

In another fashion we find much to admire in

"FINETTE.

"Finette was young, Finette was fair,
And never a lover had she;
Finette she cried, in her young despair,
'Twere better we never should be;
The dance will go, and it irks me so,
Here by the lonely tree.'

Gerôme was hale, but Gerôme was pale,
For a lover he fain would be,
And he would not know, though they told him so,
That the maiden he chose was free;
So Gerôme he stood in the dusky wood,
And a sorrowful wight was he.

Finette she said, as she raised her head,
'Somebody watches for me.'
Gerôme he said, with a lofty head,
'My lady is looking for me.'
Gerôme came one, and Finette came two,
Two little steps half way;
Gerôme he sighed, and Finette she cried,
But never a tear had they.
The dance is done, but the game is won,
Merrily ends the day."

It would be very unsatisfactory work to attempt to analyze many of the dramatic lyrics—"Sospiri Volate," for instance—unless we had more space, and unless, too, the memory of this "fair soul" were colder than it can be for a long while yet. We can only repeat that, considered merely as a psychological study, this little book is of singular interest, while as a collection of poems (often lax in workmanship, by the author's own confession) it has also a peculiar value. It is impossible to say decisively what we have lost in "Sadie" as a poet (apart from the "fair soul"), but it is clear that we have lost much. As a humourist, we can decisively affirm that she would have taken rank among the highest.

We may just add, for those who like to note coincident, or correlative forms of similar ideas, that there is a rather curious one on page 184. Margaret is speaking to Gregory:—

"Love, do you love me, really and truly?
If I submit to you, frankly and duly,
Will you, magnanimous, ease the surrender?
Will you be merciful, patient, and tender?
Will you, against myself, be my defender?"

It is impossible to say that Sadie had read the "L'Amour" of Michelet, but (we must quote from memory) in his counsels to a bridegroom occur the words, "Jeune homme, je te constitue son défenseur contre toi-même."

BOHEMIA.*

FOR those outside of it Bohemia is always an attractive place. We are nowadays so compassed about with proprieties,

* Kitty. By M. Betham Edwards. Three vols. London: Hurst & Blackett.

so moulded into shape, and all our angularities of character so rubbed off by constant intercourse with people of one particular stamp, that we have mostly come to resemble the pebbles upon the seashore; there are large pebbles and small pebbles, but all of the same family, and any rough, honest flint that comes among them, in a very little while, puts on the outward smoothness of its new companions. To be able, without punishment, to outrage all past notions of propriety; to go about unblushingly in garments fearfully and wonderfully made, and of colours glaringly terrible; to haunt without remorse the galleries of theatres and convivial clubs held at obscure taverns; and generally to throw off the restraints of fashion and custom, appears, when looked at from the outside and when in a particular condition of mind, to be the *summum bonum* of existence. It is not difficult to divine wherein consists the charm of Bohemia. Liberty is precious to all, and Bohemia is in a certain sense liberty. Then Bohemia is always represented as flowing with the milk of human kindness, as well as with wit and good-fellowship; while society is rather wanting in these qualities.

The novel of "Kitty" is a picture of this desirable realm, and not an unfair picture; the bright and the dark sides are both placed before the reader, and the heroine herself is ready to do almost anything to get into "respectable society." Kitty is of course handsome, but at the same time "sulky looking," though why she is so described we are at a loss to imagine, as she never shows any disposition to sulk in the course of the story, but, on the other hand, to accept fortune either bad or good with much resignation and with a very sensible determination to make the best of either. Kitty has another quality inconsistent with a sulky disposition; she makes all she meets, man, woman, and child, fall in love with her. A rising young painter, a man of science, an Indian widow, a foreign diplomatist, a parsimonious baronet, an elderly Bohemian female and a young lady of much propriety and of little brains, are all madly jealous about her. When a woman has a power of fascination that extends even to her own sex, it will be supposed that she contrives to work her own will in the world. This Kitty does, not caring much on how many kind hearts she treads in her ascent. There is Mrs. Cornford, the artist, who brought her up; a dear, kind, vulgar woman, as full of proverbs as Sancho Panza, who never ceases to do kindnesses for her foster-child, notwithstanding the latter is ashamed of her. The heroine's first start in life is obtained by fishing for and getting an invitation to spend some time with Laura Norman at her father's house in Kent. The difficulties of her position may be imagined from her having neither money, clothes, nor even a box to pack clothes in. But Kitty was not to be beaten. In Bohemia every one borrows and lends, and no one expects security.

"Kitty was universally popular, and she borrowed the money easily, half a sovereign here, half a sovereign there, till her purse was plump. The second point to settle was that of clothes. The whole female community possessed but one silk dress, and that dress Kitty determined to have. It belonged to Mrs. Cornford—that is to say, it belonged to Mrs. Cornford more than it did to anybody else, though there was not a lady of her acquaintance who had not either been married in it, been bridesmaid in it, danced in it, gone to christenings in it. It was a very Wandering Jew of dresses, for no one could remember its beginning, still less could any one prognosticate its decay, since it possessed that happy quality of never looking the worse for wear."

Of course Mrs. Cornford lends the dress, and Kitty's departure was celebrated by a supper, in which, as the supply of glass and crockery was short, the ladies were helped first and the plates were turned on the reverse side for the gentlemen, while knives, forks, and spoons were drawn lots for. What could be more tempting than such a supper? To eat off the reverse side of a plate with a fork and a mustard-spoon, won in the ordeal of lot, seems paradise to those cloyed with propriety. Not so, however, to Kitty, who determined that Bohemia should know her no more. Once in respectable society, Kitty is a great success; and, so far as this novel is concerned, she ends in marrying a baronet and becoming Lady Bartelotte. Her further adventures are promised in another novel. Of Kitty, herself, we do not think very highly. Her character is not natural. She is weak in her fear of putting an end to her relations with Dr. Norman and with the Indian widow, and yet she is represented as having an indomitable will and great tact. She is fully determined to make her way in the world, and yet she still hangs back among old associations, not for any love for them, but out of simple weakness and want of courage to break loose. She has not a spark of real love for any living thing, and yet her amiability is inexhaustible. Miss Edwards may reply that in real life characters are never wholly consistent, which is true; but it is also true that they are never wholly inconsistent like Kitty.

Mrs. Cornford is without doubt the best character of the book. The letter "h" is a sad trouble to her, but of her paint-brush she is absolute mistress, painting so well that—as Miss Edwards savagely remarks—had she been a man she would have been world-famous. In conversation, too, Mrs. Cornford shines, although her "proverbial philosophy" occasionally becomes as commonplace as Mr. Tupper's. But it is the kindheartedness of the woman, shown on all occasions and under every provocation, that is her great charm. In this character Miss Edwards has undoubtedly made a hit, and has redeemed her novel from being commonplace. Among the minor characters Laura Norman is thoroughly natural; she is one of those amiable girls, with more heart than brains, perfectly prepared to love any well-behaved young man who asks her, and to make a good average wife. Of the others little need be said. As a whole, the novel is interesting, and its pictures of Bohemian life will be read by many persons with curiosity.

CABINET PICTURES.*

IN spite of the fact that these "Cabinet Pictures" have, to use a figure, been hastily painted, hastily framed, and hastily glazed, they are nevertheless presentable enough. The book belongs to that class of publications that are "got up for the purpose." When Tom Sayers and Jack Heenan, each representative of the fistic heroism of his country, met in the lists, all the newspapers told the biographical story of the champions, their birth, parentage, and early struggles; and some of the papers even published woodcut portraits of the illustrious pair. This is well and good. Let information ride on the winds, and let fame, the trumpeter, crack his globular cheeks in proclaiming the merits and demerits of public men, whether prizefighters fighting for a belt or statesmen fighting for the rights of man. We are British, and our desire is to know everything about everybody, from a murderer to a Prime Minister. Now that, as a result of the late electoral struggle, Disraeli is down and Gladstone is up, one of the first desirable things was to have the portraits of the Minister and his men taken either photographically, or biographically, or both, for the literary and political benefit of the enlarged constituencies. Accordingly, immediately on the formation of the Gladstone Cabinet, the newspapers, converting themselves, for the time, into so many penny Plutarchs, went into earnest agonies of analysis over the heads and faces and intellects of the Ministers, who had rather a purgatorial time of it. It was good to be good; but it was fearfully bad to be bad. Some were sketched in delicately sweeping lines, coming out as clean and symmetrical as Greek statuary; others were painted in the large-handed, John Bull style of slapdash, with all their warts and horns about them; while a few had the distinction of being limned with such artistic minuteness that, in spite of the apparent clearness of the numerous points of identity, they hardly knew themselves, even with the aid of spectacles. Nor have we quite done yet with the sketching of our legislators. In the person of "a Templar," another Plutarch, leaping into the field, has almost at a gallop dashed off fifteen "Cabinet Pictures," the Prime Minister trailing the other fourteen behind him. We rather like this kind of thing, for even a scrawl is better than no portrait. For the faintest photographic adumbration of certain dead, unreturning faces what money should we not give! Therefore, we are thankful to the "Templar." If it cannot be said that he has given us among the whole fifteen a single finished portrait, he has at least furnished a quantity of useful biographical nebulae which some coming master will, perhaps, be able to condense into something more lasting, if not everlasting.

Of course, the excuse for the "Templar" is that, with the best accessible material regarding the persons upon whom he has exercised his art, he could not possibly have presented us with finished portraits. You cannot make a finished portrait of an unfinished man. Of statesmen especially, who are such transitional beings, who are ever in process of development, you cannot present portraits with the perfect assurance that they will be accepted next year as perfectly authentic, exact representations of the men in mind and character, political position and public estimation. It is a poor character that does not grow. But mere change is not necessarily growth; and while the development of such a character as that of Mr. Gladstone seems natural and enforced, the more especially as no stage in that development has the appearance of being hasty or undeliberate, it is difficult to say that the same description applies

* The Gladstone Government. Being Cabinet Pictures. By a Templar. London: Hurst & Blackett.

in all its features to the political character of Mr. Disraeli. True it is that characters, like plants, grow in the dark as well as in the light; so that, if we knew everything, we might, after all, discover in the conduct of Mr. Disraeli not the low tactics of a mere political gambler for place and power, but the authentic issue of an authentic development—of a growth not wholly visible to the public, and perhaps partly even hidden from himself until the hour came which demanded what to everybody else seemed a deliberate sacrifice of principle, but which he knew to be the genuine act of a genuine thought. No doubt, the Reform Bill first presented by Mr. Disraeli, was an exceedingly poor affair; but yet the fact that he himself condescended, and compelled his party, to be the medium of passing the ultimate Bill, which was purely and simply the Reform Bill of the Liberals, shows that some real change had come over the late Premier's political ideas. At all events, the portrait of this man, painted three years ago, and painted to-day, would exhibit some difference in the characteristic lines of the face; and taking him at his very worst, it may be said that if the devil is a gentleman, Disraeli is neither rogue nor fool. On the other hand, the political character of Mr. Gladstone presents a more gradual and more homogeneous development. From the point at which he published his work on Church and State, to the time when he published his Chapter of Autobiography, when he is about to disestablish the Church in Ireland, the advance seems straight, in spite of apparent windings; and the political child always seems to be political father to the man. So far as one can judge without knowing the future, Mr. Gladstone's career has hitherto been a most enviable one. If a fairy should start out of one of the crocuses growing on the window-sill before us, and offer the choice of all existing political reputations, we should have no hesitation in rejecting that of Mr. Disraeli, however heroic it has been in some respects; nor even in passing that of Mr. Bright, with the wondrous glow of his fame; we should at once select that of Mr. Gladstone. His course has hitherto been fair, open, honest, able, statesmanlike, and sometimes magnificent. There is nothing which he does not appear supremely fitted to achieve. Then his chance at the present moment seems so surpassingly grand. Born the son of a simple merchant, wholly a Scotchman in blood, though an Englishman by birth and breeding, he now stands singly the foremost man of the British Empire, not surpassed for genius as a statesman by any other man in any other empire. So much may be fairly said, without claiming perfection for the Premier, who is heaven-born in no other sense than was his great predecessor and leader, Peel, to whom befel one of the most beneficent achievements of modern statesmanship. Before Mr. Gladstone lies many a puzzle of the future; and, knowing that he desires only the good of his country, he would be a cold-blooded critic, indeed, who did not wish him the greatest possible measure of success.

The "Templar" is not a brilliant writer; and his "Cabinet Pictures" are not, therefore, brilliant bits of biographical art. His happiest hit is naturally that of Mr. Gladstone, whose career he traces with intelligence and good discrimination. He rightly states every fact which is likely to moderate our estimate of the Premier, giving prominence especially to his peculiarities of temperament and temper, which always form weighty factors in making or marring the issues of the statesman. Generally, however, too much seems to be made of Mr. Gladstone's temperament, which is for the most part better used, better ruled, and kept more under command of knowledge and reason than that of most public men. He will never be able, like Lord Palmerston, to make fun of his enemies or of his work; yet we cannot help thinking that the gravity of the man does, perhaps, too effectually conceal a genuine amount of geniality, which the very loftiness of command now attained may not improbably help to let loose. Great position assured, however temporarily, is a great mollifier to the best intellects. We shall just quote one paragraph which the mere curiosity of the "Templar" has perhaps induced him to note:—

"December, by the way, somehow appears to be a peculiarly fortunate month for Mr. Gladstone. Born in the December of 1809, entering the House of Commons for the first time in the December of 1832, beginning his official career in the December of 1834, becoming Secretary of State for the first time in the December of 1845, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer for the first time in the December of 1852—he but very recently, as we all know, in the December of 1868, realized the crowning triumph of a British statesman's ambition, by becoming, at last, upon the threshold of his sixtieth year, Prime Minister of England."

Next to the sketch of Mr. Gladstone, we like those of Mr. Bright and Mr. Lowe, who are touched off in the main happily and justly, if, like most of the others, somewhat hastily.

Of Mr. Lowe, the writer notes one fact which always seemed not a little curious:—

"It has oddly happened with him, however, that, when least in harmony with public opinion, his fame as an orator has been most conspicuously in the ascendant. The multitude out of doors, the members within the walls of Parliament, have seemed to take a perverse enjoyment in listening to over-night, or reading next morning, speeches of Mr. Lowe's, with which not another soul in the three kingdoms could anywhere be found to agree, but for the mother-wit, the terse and nervous eloquence, the subtle irony, the ingenious logic, the elegant scholarship, the daring paradoxes, and the rhetorical artifices of every kind woven into the warp and weft of which everybody, in any way capable of appreciating them, had but one feeling, and that—admiration."

This is the way in which the "Templar" sketches the Duke of Argyll in the House of Lords:—

"As a debater, he has often distinguished himself in the Parliamentary arena, but almost exclusively as a debater. His manner when speaking, his very appearance, the tone of his oratory, are all of them eminently characteristic. When he strides to the table of the House of Lords, his shoulders thrown back, his head erect, his chin in the air, the skirts of his broadcloth coat one could almost fancy changed into the Campbell tartan. The bright, orange-coloured hair feathering up from his forehead is as the eagle's plume in the Highland bonnet. The free, bold gestures are as the brandishing of the claymore. In the very ring of his strident voice there is the clang of the pibroch. It is McCullum More, who is there before us, rather than George Douglas, Duke of Argyll. The floor of the House is as his native heather, and his name and his fame are those of the Highland chieftain of the great clan of the Campbells."

We had better stop here, before the bagpipes and the dirk come into play, to split our ears, or make somebody's *painches* to wallop on the floor of the House. We have said that these "Cabinet Pictures" form one of those books "got up for the purpose." We feel sure that it will serve that purpose, which, if a temporary, is at least a useful one. When the present Government goes out—which Heaven prevent for many a year!—the "Templar" will have an opportunity of depicting the leaders and the heroes of the opposite camp.

CHRISTIANITY AND TAXATION.*

A FEW months ago the LONDON REVIEW devoted an article to the subject of the confusions that were customary in the use of the word Christianity. One of the remarks made in the paper in question was that Christianity was, in newspapers and magazines, so mixed up with mere civilization—even the most Philistine aspects of it—that the New Testament was degraded into a bourgeois text-book. In the *Victoria Magazine* for this month there is an odd illustration of the habit of mind which seems as if it could not conceive of the religion of Christ at all in dissociation from respectability and beadle-dom. The author of the paper is urging the duty of Christianizing the gipsies, and with, of course, involuntary simplicity, puts "civilization" first, besides saying some very quaint things from the bourgeois or Philistine point of view. That any class of human beings should be nomadic, and should live in tents, appears to him a horrible thing, calling for the interference of the law:—

"Another reason we would urge for philanthropic effort amongst the gipsies is, that their uncertain and erratic mode of life is subversive of all social order, and a disgrace to civilization and Christianity. . . .

"The social, and other advantages of civilization and Christianity, assume an infinitely more pleasing and dignified aspect when compared with the degraded condition of untutored and savage tribes. . . .

"It may be urged that the gipsies are contented with their wild freedom, and are willing to endure the privations incident to their mode of existence. This to some extent may be true. But this is not of universal application—as many of them regret that they do not occupy a higher position in the social scale.

"Admitting that they are satisfied in perpetuating their isolated life, it is no argument against the duty of trying to improve their condition. . . .

"Taking the lowest possible ground, even the physical miseries to which gipsies are subject should constitute an impetus to efforts to ameliorate their condition. Look at their fragile habitations, at the tattered canvas of their tents, pitched under a leafless hedge in a damp lane—their exposure to the inclemencies of every season, to the biting wind, and the nipping frosts; how much they endure of physical suffering. Cold and hunger frequently assail them during the months of winter."

Having contrasted the gipsy's tent with the "splendid mansions" erected "under the guidance of Christianity," he now comes to the point, and regretfully points out that the gipsies are actually exempt from certain taxes! What! thousands of people not paying certain taxes? Do you call

* "English Gipsies," in the *Victoria Magazine* for March. London: Emily Faithfull.

this a Christian country? This strikes him as being such a melancholy state of things that he urges the duty of the Government to interfere:—

"Although the poorest in domestic life must contribute their quota towards the revenue of the country, and the government of our towns, cities, and villages, these voluntary wanderers are exempt from many of those taxes which a domesticated state would necessarily impose upon them. . . . In these particulars would not our rulers be justified in interfering, and in improving the state of society generally, by greater uniformity of social and domestic habits, and by an equalization of local and national resources?"

It does, indeed, strike him that to force the gipsies to quit their tents and live in "splendid mansions," like Christians, and pay taxes, might be considered an "invasion of their liberty," but he thinks that difficulty ought to be trampled out:—

"The interference of Government may be regarded by some as an uncalled-for invasion upon the civil liberty of the gipsies; but while their freedom is associated with so much ignorance and degradation, it would be far better by this interference to remove the causes which produce them, and to improve their condition, than to allow them to continue in a course of life fraught with so many evils."

Probably the Chancellor of the Exchequer does not feel that Christianity and taxes are logically connected; but what does he say to making the gipsies help him to maintain a good surplus?

THE TROUBLES OF POETS.*

THE treatment which unrecognised poets experience at the hands of the world (and primarily at the hands of critics) is a very curious subject; and it is one which has a great many sides. As you happen to be of the world, or of the poets, or of the critics, you have a complete theory of your own right and everybody else's wrong. First, says the writer,—"I write, and am entitled to a hearing. I may not be a poet; and, if so, it is the business of the critics to tell me so. It is their duty, besides, to see that no poet is flung back into the slough of despair for want of proper and judicious encouragement. What I demand, is fair judgment." Secondly, the critic steps forward, and says—"If I am to criticise at all, I must live. Now the conditions of living, to me, are that I must write so much for so much, and within a given time. If I am paid only two guineas for writing two columns of criticism which shall include notices of ten books, and if each of these books would demand, to be properly read and noticed, a day's time, how can I live? I must "scamp" the reviewing of the dozen possible poets who are appearing every week; and must leave them to the slower recognition of the public. For, if a book be good, will it not make its way? My theory is not a lofty one; but I suppose we critics must live as well as other people." Thirdly, steps in the public—"We, too, must live; and life is not long enough for us to read everything that is published. Indeed, there is more of good and accredited matter already published than any man can possibly fully study in one lifetime; and why, therefore, should we waste our time in searching for possible poets?" These theories are all sufficiently logical; but it is the unrecognised poet who suffers.

The author of this pasquinade has put forward the poets' plea very fairly. One of his poets says—

"Oh, World, we know thou lov'st not living men
Who think as thou dost not, and yet each age
Brings its own thinkers to disturb thy peace.
It may be there is nothing left unsaid;
It may be that the soul cannot create,
But only mould the thoughts (by God bestowed)
Into new forms, which seem at first so strange,
So different from the idols of the past,
That you reject them with superb contempt,
Until the sculptor, working midst reproach,
Neglect, derision, poverty, and shame,
From his clay model shapes the marble form;
Oh! then you help it to a pedestal;
And bow the knee, and bring the lavish gold,
And shouting, 'Great Diana!' turn away
To fling fresh scorn on sculptors yet unknown."

The next person who comes upon the scene is "a literary scalper," who excuses himself on the ground that the world loves smart cynicism, and that he is therefore bound to supply it with witty and unjust criticism. The next speaker is a "literary Thug," who cuts the throat of the young author because the latter is not of the Thug's "set." But we do not imagine that much Thuggism exists. From what we can gather of critics, they are much more likely to be bitter or envious if they are your friends than if they are quite unknown to you. Besides, most journals have some character for fair-

ness and consistency to uphold; and it is only in very insignificant quarters that a man is allowed to exhibit his small personal spleen or jealousy. A much more probable opposition is that to be expected from the personal notions or whims of the critic as to literary traditions and conventionalities. In this pasquinade one of the critics demands of the young poet how he dare—

"Stray from off the classic ground,
Where gods and dryads, nymphs and fauns disport?"

and a number of similar objections are started by various critics who have erected their private notions into public standards. These things being stated, a chorus of poets takes up the wondrous tale of what they are doing and would do:—

"If these be aims ignoble, worthless, weak—
Then farewell faith in life! and in life's use!
Go world! go railing on thy million lines
Of stolid, churlish, dull indifference:
Dead to all hope or care for aught but self,
Deaf to all mirth except a spiteful sneer;
Blind to all beauty, save the gaslight glare
Of rouged and tinselled bold indecency."

The purpose and spirit of this "pasquinade" are excellent; but we doubt if it will awaken critics to a sense of their sin. Most critics will say that their general experience of volumes of verse is not such as to tempt them to read every such book published; and that a book of special merit is sure to come under their notice somehow. That this prevailing theory occasionally causes gross injustice—and an immense amount of suffering to some particular victim—history has already recorded.

SHORT NOTICES.

Commentaries on the History, Constitution, and Chartered Franchises of the City of London. By George Norton, formerly one of the Common Pleaders of the City of London. Third edition, revised. (Longmans & Co.)

The first edition of this work was published as long ago as 1828, when the author was in Madras. The second edition was merely a reprint, and both have long been out of circulation. The publication of the present edition is due to the Corporation of London, to whom the copyright of the work has been presented by the author, and who have determined on taking three hundred copies for the use of members and officers. Mr. Norton appears to have devoted much labour to the examination of ancient records, and he has thus been enabled to throw considerable light on the early history of the City, the origin and nature of its constitution, and the quality of its franchises. The work is in fact a critical examination of the ancient charters of London, and in this respect it may be regarded as a not unimportant contribution to the general history of England. A book dealing so largely with antiquarian and sometimes rather abstruse matters, could hardly be made very attractive to the mere seeker after amusement; but Mr. Norton deserves credit for handling his subject in as popular a style as the nature of the case would permit, and for having condensed a vast amount of material into a volume of readable size. The new edition has been in some respects recast; additions have been introduced, and corrections made. The work as it now stands is useful and valuable.

Shakespeare Illustrated by Old Authors. Parts I., II., III. By William Lowes Rushton, of Gray's Inn, Barrister-at-Law, &c. (Longmans & Co.)

In the LONDON REVIEW of January 25th, 1868, we devoted an article to the first two parts of this work. These are now reissued, together with a third part, treating of "Shakespeare's Testamentary Language"—that is to say, the allusions made by the poet to the phraseology of wills, and the metaphors derived by him from the same source. Mr. Rushton has already written a book to prove that Shakespeare was a lawyer, and his own legal as well as antiquarian studies eminently qualify him for such an investigation. In this the latest of his Shakespearian discourses he accumulates fresh evidence to the same effect, and collects from many places illustrative matter bearing on a particular side of the great dramatist's knowledge. The book is worthy of the attention of Shakespeare editors.

The Poetical Works of William Wordsworth. A New Edition. (Moxon.)

Messrs. Moxon have done the public a service in issuing this very handsome and well-printed edition of Wordsworth's poems, which they style the "only complete popular edition." The price of the volume puts it within the pecuniary compass of almost any lover of books; while in size, type, and paper, the work is everything that can be desired. Prefixed is an engraving of Pickersgill's portrait of Wordsworth.

* The World, the Press, and the Poets. A Pasquinade. London: E. Moxon.

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